PRISON—PROBLEMS

Compiled by

FRED HIGH

Presented to
Bonebrake
Theological Seminary
Library
Dayton, Ohio

by

Dr. A. T. Howard

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/prisonproblems0000unse

PRISON PROBLEMS

PROPOUNDED IN

PROSE AND POETRY

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Gal. 6-7.

"The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree I planted
—they have torn me—and I bleed!
I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed."—Lord Byron.

LIBRARY OF
Bonebrake Theological Seminary
HV
9469
.H5
1913
21,810

COMPILED BY

FRED HIGH

SECOND EDITION

PUBLISHED BY

THE PLATFORM

THE LYCEUM AND CHAUTAUQUA MAGAZINE

602 STEINWAY HALL, CHICAGO

1913

GUARANTORS.

Abraham Lincoln, then only a young man, visited New Orleans, stood before a slave market and saw human beings sold at public auction, took this secret vow: "If ever I get a chance to strike that institution a blow, I will do it." With Lincoln's view fresh in his memory a gaunt, callow youth, on his first real excursion into the big world visited the Ohio State penitentiary where the sight of a horde of lazy hirelings sitting with guns across their knees, oozing out an existence as guards over their fellowmen who slaved with down cast eyes, heavy hearts and fettered hopes, not that they might be reformed half so much as that greater profits might be piled up for the contractors whose slaves these prisoners were; contrasting the life of the guards and keepers with the Simon Legrees of slavery times, as that youth left that relic of the dark ages he took Lincoln's vow: "If I ever get a chance to strike that institution a blow, I'll do it."

This volume of Prison Problems was conceived, compiled and is sent forth as an effort to hit that inhuman prison policy that treats men as criminals instead of looking upon them as brothers.

Being unable to strike this blow alone, this volume of Prison Problems is the co-operated effort of the following persons who stood as financial guarantors and therefore deserve the credit for making this effort possible: Edmund Vance Cooke, Poet-Entertainer, 30 Mayfield Rd., Cleveland, O.; Lou J. Beauchamp, Humorous-Philosopher, Hamilton,

Ohio; H. W. Sears, The Taffy Man, Waverly, Ill.; William Sterling Battis, the Dickens Impersonator, 6315 Yale Avenue, Chicago, Illinois; J. E. Brockway, Manager, Redpath-Brockway Lyceum Bureau, Wabash Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.; R. R. Hamilton, Pres., National Lyceum Association, 122 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Lincoln McConnell, Lecturer, Thomaston, Ga.; Chas. W. Ferguson, Pres. Chautauqua Managers' Association, 630 Orchestra Bldg., Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Nora Mae High, Vocalist, Waynesburg, Pa.; Ellsworth Plumstead, Entertainer, Birmingham, Mich.; Frank M. Chaffee, President, Century Lyceum Bureau, 122 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Geo. P. Bible, Lecturer, 5212 Locust St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Wm. A. McCormick, Entertainer, Onekama, Mich.; B. F. Pratt, Lecturer, 5126 Highland Ave., Tacoma, Wash.; Wm. S. Sadler, M. D., Chautauqua Lecturer, 32 N. State St., Chicago; Nelson A. Jenkins, Lyceum Committeeman, Conneaut, Ohio; Thos. Brooks Fletcher, Lecturer, Marion, Ohio; Chester Birch, Lecturer-Evangelist, Winona Lake, Ind.; A L. Flude, Manager Chautauqua Managers' Association, Orchestra Bldg., Chicago; Margaret Stahl, Interpreter, Fremont, Ohio; Robert Parker Miles, 1433 Cordova St., Lakewood, Ohio; Osceola Pooler, Reader, Tustin, Mich.; J. F. Caveny, 4806 Evans Ave., Chicago; Henry Clark, Lecturer, Galesburg, Ill.; Strickland W. Gillilan, Humorist, Roland Park, Md.; Wm. I. Atkinson, District Manager of the Mutual Lyceum Bureau, Clarksville, Iowa; I. N. Kuhn, Lyceum Patron, Waynesburg, Pa.

OUR PURPOSE.

Only such principles, fundamental philosophy and practical scientific facts as have been gathered by men and women of authority (with one exception) have been given a place in this little volume.

There is no attempt to make a novel; neither is it a salacious romance; nor yet is it a literary journey thru the underworld. It is an attempt to present crime and criminals as they are, and since the state and the nation collectively and you and your neighbor and me and mine are responsible for the conditions that obtain, then it is only just that we set to work to clean up our part of the appalling maelstrom of vice, crime and corruption that seems to sweep over the land in tidal waves. Can we justify our acts in punishing our weaker brothers and sisters when much of their weakness is the result of environment and the inexorable law of heredity?

What is at the bottom of most crime? Warden Sanders, of Fort Madison, says it is "booze."

We, the citizens of a Christian nation, vote to give the saloon-keepers the right to sell "booze" and then in our piety and self-righteousness and morally disinfected spasms of virtue we are horrified and cry for the officers to pummel and punish the men and women who fall victims to these very man-traps that we helped to dig.

Each chapter is presented either as a study in the cause of crime or as a factor in the reformation of criminals. The poetic section is a study of the men-

tal viewpoint of the man behind the bars; it is a psychological cameo of the soul of the man in the iron cage.

This volume was compiled to create discussion, to cause its readers to stop and think, to create such a moral resolve that out of this Stygian night will come gleams of hope for a better day. The problems before us are as old as the human race; they have the power of self-generation, and even if they will be with us until the human race shall have run its course, and old Father Time is asleep in the abysmal night of oblivion, you and I must do our little mite towards bringing about a better day—now—for our fellows who have stumbled on the rough journey and have stepped aside from the straight and narrow path, where none save the Master has walked.

Study the claims and assertions made by the authors of the various chapters. Dispute their conclusions, dissect the figures and pass the volume on to your neighbor and out of this will come much good that must result in changed conditions, in more humane treatment, in a search for the cause of crime, rather than the improved forms of punishment for criminals.

This little volume was compiled for the single purpose of creating public sentiment that must inspire the soldiers of the common good who are now engaged against such relics of barbarism as the present contract system, that indefensible species of human slavery that must be wiped out before love can supplant hate, so that our penitentiaries shall cease to be criminal factories and become reform institutions.

It is the urgent request of the sponsors of this volume that it be not placed on any book shelf, but that it be loaned to ministers, editors, lawyers and educators, and thus be kept in constant use. Each minister who reads it is requested to preach a sermon on some of these mighty problems.

Mr. Editor, you are urged to read this volume, and then make copious clippings from its pages; use it as a press sheet, comment on it, review its contents, then urge your readers to purchase a copy to start on this endless round of agitation and education that must bear fruit in righteous legislation.

Above all, we urge you noble women, who bless every community with your unselfish devotion to human betterment and moral uplift, to study this little volume, talk about it at your clubs, at your churches and in your homes. We would further ask that the boys and girls in our high schools, colleges and all other educational institutions use one of these problems as a theme for your essays or orations and after its delivery send it to the guarantors of this little volume.

We further ask each person who sees a review, news note, or hears any mention made of Prison Problems, that the facts be communicated to Fred High, Steinway Hall, Chicago, and don't forget that we are our brother's keeper.

Maud Ballington Booth says: "In the 16 years since the work of the Salvation Prison Reform was started 20,000 men have been released from prison under the Volunteer Prison League guidance. During the time 75,000 have been converted while within the prison walls, and 12,000 have passed thru the various league homes, coming from prison

to them and from them to the world of men, rehabilitated."

As I stood before almost five hundred prisoners at Fort Madison, Iowa, on Thanksgiving day, I said: "Men, you probably think that as I stand here and look into your faces, I am wondering how so many of you got in here, but I am not. I am wondering how on earth I ever kept out of here this long. There is many a true word spoken in a joke."

The man who, Pouter Pigeon like, struts around the sanctuary of the Lord the most when the people are watching him, and shouts thief, thief, thief the loudest when people are listening to him, is generally the cuss who is too chicken-hearted to be a real crook and too crooked to be even a ballyhoo orator for a church raffle.

This is a queer world. Society will lie and perjure its soul to keep a wrong-doer from going to "The Pen"; but, after one is there, that same crowd will do all in its power to break the spirit, to crush out hope, to humiliate the victim and his friends, to maltreat, mistreat, beat and bruise the poor unfortunate object of its wrath. The slant-eyed suds mongers of the city of Boston, who, according to Tom Watson, "own fifteen thousand white women, whom they sell and pass around among themselves, at $15 and $20 apiece," receive more real sympathy than our own fellowmen who are in durance vile.

The object of all prison work is twofold, to protect society and to reform the prisoner. There isn't a man or a woman with the brain power of a maltese cat but who knows that the past method of mistreating prisoners made reformation almost

an impossibility. We judge institutions by results just as we judge individuals, and the results of our methods have been horribly bad. A righteous crusade is now being made through the magazines and public press against the barbarity of prison methods, the antequated cruelty of the prison rules, and the inhuman methods of (mis)treating the prisoners by those in charge. No man, no race, ought to have unlimited authority over any other individual or race of men. It has always bred tyranny, brutality, and resulted in a rebound action that mentally, morally and physically paralyzed the person or race in authority.

In Chicago, during two years, 34 bombs were exploded, destroying thousands of dollars worth of property. Two brothers were tried for throwing a bomb; three men swore they all but saw them; one swore he helped make the bomb; a jury set the men free because they thought the witnesses were swearing falsely, to get the mammoth rewards that ran into the thousands. Could you get three men to swear to a lie for $10,000? It is common street gossip that you can get them here for two dollars a head. Then, on the other hand, can you fix a jury? But why go on? Can't we see that the chances for railroading a man to "the Pen" are great, but don't the records of all institutions teem with names of men who have been as much wronged as they have wronged?

In this very prison at Fort Madison was enacted a wrong that is not without its many parallels. Back in '61 the cry of war was abroad in the land. The president, in the name of patriotism, called upon the young men to fight, to shoot, to kill. A young

man enlisted, he fought, he shot and he killed. A generous government paid him $13 a month for his services; after the war the grateful people pensioned him. At the front he learned to kill in deliberation and years afterward it was charged that he killed a man in a fit of passion. He was sent to Fort Madison for life and his Christian friends asked God to have mercy on his soul. They had none. After thirty-one years of service, the great state of Iowa turned this old veteran out of prison, and acknowledged that the state had done him an irreparable wrong. He was pardoned for a crime that he had never committed. Don't censure Iowa; your state and my state have done things no doubt worse.

In Maryland, adultery is punished by a fine of $10, and in Iowa by three years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. No one in Maryland would think of the inhuman sentence of three years without the privilege of speech. In most Pens, you are not allowed to talk. Men have even lost the power of conversation.

When the sugar trust stole millions and were caught, the thieves resigned; but who ever heard of the poor resigning? If a clerk in a store stole $100, would his resignation keep him out of prison?

I have tried to make you see, dear reader, that the difference between the wrong-doer who has been sent up and the one who has escaped is nil. Now, why all this harsh prejudice against the detained offender?

Fort Madison has inaugurated a real school system, whereby prisoners are taught to read and write and the results of this effort are amazing. Some day attendance will be made compulsory. At present,

the school is a night school only, for the people of Iowa are dead certain that they would rather have 60 cents from one of the largest trusts in America for the man's work than to realize that they are working to help restore a weak brother. They would rather send their money to christianize the poor Japanese than to spend it humanizing the inmates of their prison. The people of Iowa would rather pay the trust $1 for a steel rake than to spend $1 to save a human rake from stealing.

The historical and literary society is a great, growing and influential organization. The members did me the honor to hold an extra meeting Thursday evening, when about twenty of us met in a large cell, without a guard or an attendant, and spent what to me was one of the happiest and most profitable two hours that I have spent for months. Three papers were read, one on "Reading as a Habit," "The Editor as a Political Boss," and "A Sketch of France," and so well prepared, well-written and informing were these papers that it was more a reminder of college days than of prison bars.

One of the reforms that all of this discussion has brought about is to substitute a service of hope, of faith, of good cheer for the old, whining harangue on retribution. The rehashing of the husks that a certain gentleman used in lieu of a bundle of shredded wheat biscuits, and when his fodder gave out returned to where the fatted calf had been patiently waiting for almost ten years to be slaughtered in honor of the spendthrift's return.

A word to preachers, lecturers and singers: Don't expect an encore on "Where Is My Wandering Boy

Tonight." Common sense will teach you that he sits right in front of you, and that he is not doing much wandering, either. That bunch of crooks know they are guilty, if they are guilty. Then, why appeal to them to arise and go to their father's house? Don't you know that the ordinary warden won't allow them to go?

Now is the time to plead for the new idea, for the advance movement. The lyceum is honored by the work that Mrs. Booth is doing. Mrs. Maybrick deserves great credit for her efforts. Caleb Powers did a wise thing when he rushed to the platform, and Cole Younger showed good sense in hiking for the rostrum instead of the dime museum.

As a profession, are we pleading for humane treatment for those on the inside of prison walls as we plead for the brotherhood of man for all on the outside?

Isn't it worth our while to try and help solve this problem? In Chicago last year there were 202 killings. In Canada there were 12 murders for every million population. Last year there were 103 executions in the United States for 9,000 murders. It is claimed by those who ought to know that the chances are four to one that even our worst criminals will not be apprehended in the United States. The chances are ten to one that they will never be convicted and twenty to one that they will never go to the penitentiary.

What is needed is not less punishment, but that it will be distributed a little more in accordance with the square-deal principle.

THE PSYCHIC POWER OF MUSIC.

By H. Addington Bruce.

Belief in the efficacy of music as an adjunct in the treatment of diseases is literally as old as antiquity. At least one reference to it is found in the Bible, in the episode of David curing Saul of melancholia by his skill as a musician. The ancient Greeks and Romans were enthusiastic advocates of "musical medicine" as a remedy for all sorts of maladies. Thus, Aulus Agellus particularly extolled the music of the flute as a cure for sciatica, an opinion which Democritus also voiced; while Pythagoras is credited with having composed "certain divine mixtures of diatonic, enharmonic, and chromatic melodies, which were designed as antidotes to moods."

But it cannot be said that the medical profession as a whole has paid much attention, until quite recently, to the views advanced by the ancients; or to the hints thrown out by individual physicians, who, as a result of personal experience, have become convinced that music has a therapeutic value. In only one field, the treatment of mental disease, is it today utilized to any extent, and there mainly in the way of asylum concerts and dances, and as an ameliorative, rather than a curative, measure. Lately, however, as evidenced by the tone of editorial articles in leading medical journals, both in this country and abroad, there have been signs of a rapidly growing interest in the subject and an

unwonted readiness to investigate it. Undoubtedly this is due, in the main, to the amazing discoveries that modern psychology has made with regard to the influence of the mind on the health of the body.

It is not known, to mention one discovery of especial importance in connection with the problem of the healing power of music, that the state of one's thoughts and emotions exercises an appreciable effect in the circulation, the digestion, the respiration, and, in short, the functioning of every bodily organ.

The distinguished Italian scientist, Angelo Mosso, placed several of his colleagues and students, one after another, on an apparatus constructed in such a way that the body of a man could be balanced on it in a horizontal position. Its mechanism was so sensitive that it oscillated according to the rhythm of the subject's breathing. Commenting on the results of the experiments, Professor Mosso said:

"If one spoke to a person while he was lying on the balance, in equilibrium and perfectly quiet, it inclined immediately towards the head. The legs became lighter and the head heavier. This phenomenon was constant, whatever pains the subject took not to move, however he endeavored not to to speak, to do nothing which might produce a more copious flow of blood to the head."

Even in sleep the same phenomenon was evident:

"When all was quiet, one of us would intentionally make a slight noise by coughing, scraping a foot on the ground, or moving a chair; and at once the balance inclined again towards the head, remaining immovable for four or five minutes, without the subject's noticing anything or waking.

* * * It proved by this balance that at the slightest emotion, the blood rushes to the head."

Following up these experiments, Dr. William G. Anderson, using a similar apparatus, and selecting as subjects a group of Yale students, proved that the blood could be sent to the legs by merely concentrating the attention and thinking of moving them, but without executing any actual movement. The same motor influence of thought and emotion on different organs of the body has been demonstrated by other competent investigators with the aid of various scientific instruments, by which the effect of mental states on the action of the heart, lungs, muscles, etc., has been studied with the most delicate precision. The results of their researches are conclusive enough to justify Professor James's emphatic assertion:

"All mental states (no matter what their character as regards utility) are followed by bodily activity of some sort. They lead to inconspicuous changes in breathing, circulation, general muscular tension, and glandular or other visceral activity, even if they do not lead to conspicuous movements of the muscles of voluntary life. * * * All states of mind, even mere thoughts and feelings, are motor in their consequences."

Experiment has further proved that pleasurable mental states have a distinct tonic value to the whole organism, while mental states that are disagreeable have a weakening effect. Accordingly, everything that tends to expel "discordant" thoughts, to allay worry, anxiety, grief, anger, fretfulness, despair; replacing them with mental states of contentment, hope, peace, happiness, courage, must be

of medicinal usefulness. It is this that, in the last analysis, accounts for the success of all "faith healing" systems, so far as they are successful; and it is this that warrants the utilization of music as a weapon in the warfare against disease.

Beyond the slightest doubt, there is none other of the arts that so strongly appeals to the emotional side of man. In some measure everybody has experienced, and will readily acknowledge, music's unique suggestive force in conveying ideas and feelings, creating moods, and impelling to action. Who of us can listen unmoved to the plaintive sweetness of "Home, Sweet Home," or has not felt the blood pulse faster at "Dixie's" exhilarating strains? It is not hard to understand the magic in the Finale of Beethovan's "Fifth Symphony" that caused the Napoleonic veteran to leap to his feet in the crowded concert hall, with the cry: "The Emperor!" Nor can we wonder that, during the wars of the French Revolution, it was forbidden, on pain of death, to play the "Ranz des Vaches" in the hearing of the Swiss soldiers, as it was found that the familiar melody inspired them with such an intense longing for home that they were deserting by hundreds.

For that matter, experimental evidence has been obtained demonstrating that music "suggests" mental states of great emotional significance, and that through these it acts powerfully on the physical organism.

Obviously, if music is helpful in time of illness, by virtue of its power to influence the body thru the mind, setting in motion those healing forces latent in all of us, it is still more useful from a preventive and hygienic point of view. It is valuable

not simply as an aid to health, but as a powerful auxiliary in the development of intellect and character. The ancient Greeks considered the study of music indispensable to a proper education.

Today, in our schools, music is gaining increasing recognition as an educational force. It still is absent from too many homes. Yet it is incomparably more needed in the home than in the schoolroom, because it is there that its great suggestive power may make itself most surely felt, to aid in right thinking and right living. And nowadays, since the invention of "player-pianos," and "talking machines," even those devoid of musical skill can command in their homes all the music they wish, and draw at will on its wondrous resources as a giver of pleasure and an energizer of the body and the mind.

THE AMERICAN COMMON SCHOOL.

By Rt. Rev. Samuel Fallows, D. D., LL. D.

A sermon delivered at the request of the National Educational Association at its recent convention in Chicago.

"John Stuart Mill once claimed that it would be well to question an axiom so that the truth contained in it might be the more clearly seen. It would seem like arraigning an axiom in the educational world to call in question the value of a broad, liberal public school system to the people of the United States. Yet it has been done and is still being done. Richard Grant White fiercely attacked the public schools a few years ago in the North American Review, calling them a failure. Benjamin Reece followed in the same track still later in an article in the Popular Science Monthly. More recently Rebecca Harding Davis took up the same strain in a contribution to the North American Review.

"Mr. White maintained that 'our large towns swarm with idle, vicious lads and young men without visible means of support. Our rural districts are infested with tramps, a species of the genus homo, unknown to our forefathers. Our legislatures are corrupt, our great corporations buy them up at will. The dominant political parties are guilty of bribery at elections. The judges on the bench have notably declined in learning, wisdom and integrity. Dishonesty in business and betrayal of

trust are matters of common shame. Politics have been largely handed over to the inferior men of love of cunning. Divorces have fearfully multiplied Filial respect has diminished; our young men and young women have lost their modesty and ceased to blush for the loss.

" 'Crime and vice have increased year after year, corresponding almost exactly to the development of the common school system. It has given us also a nondescript and hybrid class, unfitted for professional or mercantile life, unwilling and also unable to be farmers and artisans and who have left both skilled and unskilled labor to be performed by immigrant foreigners.'

"The arguments affirming that our common schools are the cause of crime, are fallacious through and through. From the statistics carefully gathered by the bureau of education and revealed in the history of our reformatories and penal institutions, we learn that one-fifth of all criminals are totally uneducated and that the other four-fifths are practically uneducated. We also learn that the proportion of criminals from the illiterate classes is eightfold as great as the proportion from those having some education; and in proportion to the higher education received in our own country does criminality decrease.

"The following statements prove this: Out of a population of 2,616 convicts, in the prisons of Auburn and Sing Sing, 19 were returned as collegiates, 10 as having received a classical and 78 academic instruction—4 per cent of the entire population. Years ago the commissioner of education gathered statistics from seventeen of the middle and western

states, bearing upon this point. These states reported 110,538 prisoners. Of this number 25 per cent were illiterate. The average illiteracy of the population of these states was 4 per cent. Therefore this 4 per cent furnished 25 per cent of the criminals and the 96 per cent who could read and write furnished only 75 per cent. Thus 1,000 illiterates furnished on the average eight times as many prisoners as the same number who could read and write.

"The causes of crime are not education or the common school, but unfortunate ante-natal conditions, bad homes, unhealthy infancy and childhood, over-crowded slums, promiscuous herding together, industrial and social injustice and intemperances.

"I put emphasis on bad homes as the chief cause of crime. The statistics of every reformatory show that the great majority of inmates come from this class of homes. It is easy to see how the work of the teacher is hindered when pupils, however well trained, are subjected continually to the malign influence of evil home surroundings.

"It must be remembered that the average school attendance is scarcely five years. It is not far from the real facts in the case to say that the average attendance at school the country through, of each boy, is not much more than five months in the year —we may count it six months. The entire schooling of the average boy would be comprised, therefore, within thirty months or 120 weeks, or about 600 school days. Reckoning six hours for a school day, the boy would be under direct school influence 3,600 hours. During that period he is within the influence of the home directly or indirectly, 60

months, or 1,800 days, or 43,200 hours. Deducting the 3,600 hours the boy is at school, leaves 39,600 hours. The school ratio, therefore, to the home is one to eleven.

"This, remember, is the ratio for the average American boy's school instruction. When the inmates of our reformatories are considered with relation to the number of actual days or hours in attendance upon school, as evidenced by the low grade they have attained before entrance into these institutions, the ratio of their school hours to the home hours will be 1 to 22—that is, for 1,800 hours spent in school 39,600 hours will be those for which the home is responsible.

"Bonjean says: 'We cannot sterilize with the bouillon of culture the microbes of vice and crime except by wholesale parental correction.'

"With regard to the direct influence of our American system, I unhesitatingly aver from a long and wide personal and official connection with it, that the spirit of the requirements of the Massachusetts system of education is observed by the 440,000 teachers of our public schools. These requirements make it obligatory 'that it shall be the duty of all instructors of youth to exert their best endeavors to impress on the minds of children committed to their care and instruction the principles of piety, justice and sacred regard for truth, love of their country, humanity and universal benevolence, sobriety, industry and frugality, chastity, moderation and temperance, and those other virtues which are the ornaments of human society and the basis upon which a republican constitution is founded.

"How can such schools foster crime? How can

they be godless with the inculcation and exemplification of these foundation principles of a godly character?

"I have earnestly claimed for many years, in spite of the fact that in some of the states of the Union the Bible has been excluded from the schoolroom, the schools are not therefore godless institutions. Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, our excellent city superintendent of education, has just affirmed the same great fact. I again emphatically affirm that our schools are not godless. Sectarian instruction never can be given in them. Forever must we keep separate in every phase and form the American church from the American state. The American church is diversified, as its more than forty distinct denominations indicate. The American Sunday school, embracing the children of these various religious organizations is to supplant the work of the common schools by giving specific religious instruction one day in seven.

"Almost as many children as are embraced in our public and parochial schools are to be found in our Sunday school classes. This fact must never be lost sight of when we are considering the subject of American education; whether the reading of the Bible by the teachers in our day schools shall be permitted, we all know is a seriously mooted question. The book of books in its entirety has been held to be in a broad sense a sectarian book by some of our state supreme courts. It has not so been held by supreme courts in other states. It is not so held, I believe, by the Supreme Court of the United States.

"The solution of the difficulty presented by the

decisions of these differing courts would seem to be that of the Wisconsin Supreme Court, which holds that selections from the Bible, which teach the fundamentally religious and moral truths that are believed by the overwhelming majority of the people of the United States, and on which rests the very super-structure of our American civilization, may be read in the schools of that progressive state.

"Such selections were made some time ago in our city by the leading representatives of the Roman Catholic, the Jewish and the various Protestant churches for use in the Chicago schools. For some reason, which I could not learn, they were not permitted to be read by the board of education then in office. It seems incredible that an indignity should be put on this supreme book, which is put upon no other commanding book in the world's literature, by denying even the reading of these selections, which lie at the very heart of all human progress to our school children. May we not hope for a speedy wiping out of this shameful anomaly in our educational instruction?

"As to the statement which has been made that 'the public schools turn out bad citizens,' I utterly deny it, as a general proposition, but I do freely admit that they sometimes do turn out some bad citizens, both literally and metaphorically, just as the churches sometimes turn out some bad saints.

"But can any sane or well-informed person make the above sweeping assertion? Sound the roll call of the most illustrious dead of the American republic and summon those who are living to answer. Let the scores of millions of the best men and women the world has ever contained, living or dead,

stand up with them, multitudes whose names are unknown, but who have wrought their lives into our nation's glorious structure, since the first rude common school house was erected on the wild New England shore.

"With equal reason can you charge religion itself with being the cause of crime as education in the common school? The indictments against the school are really indictments against the churches. How is it possible to believe that the conditions of things so lugubriously depicted by Richard Grant White can be the result of common school instruction without believing that the thousands of clergymen and millions of communicants in the various churches and the thousands of teachers and millions of scholars in the Sunday schools, almost equaling those in the common schools are just as much to blame?

"Religion is a failure if the common school is a failure. Neither is a failure. Of course, it goes without saying that it is not because of but in spite of the common school and of religion that crime prevails.

"The grandest school of democracy is the common school. It is the main unifier of the forty-five or more nationalities with their sub-divisions that have been and still are crowding our shores.

"The night schools of Chicago tell an eloquent story to illustrate my statement. Nearly 15,000 are now in attendance and there was almost a riot in one of them not long ago because of the crush of scholars to get in. In another of these schools sixteen distinct nationalities were represented.

"Why this crush? Why this commingling? Were

these criminals that were struggling to gain admission? Were they rushing to be made criminals? Were the self-sacrificing teachers that met them with a welcome on face and lips and with patience almost infinite in their hearts, a band of conscious or unconscious criminal makers? I need not say No. To make law-abiding, useful, honored American citizens is the aim of all this effort and it is accomplishing the end desired.

"The common school is the great leveler, but it levels up and not down. It practically enforces equality and fraternity. Sharp angles are knocked off, differences are rubbed down, class distinctions are prevented, caste is abolished. The rich man's son and the poor man's son meet together. Brains and not money weigh in the scale of scholarships. Merit and not the father's position sends the boy to the head of his class.

"Religious animosity finds no fuel to feed it. Nationality sees no barrier raised against it. The young 'know nothings' speedily become 'know somethings,' and they are not apt to forget the fact in their future political life.

"The common school requires of the pupil an arithmetical, geographical or grammatical reason for the hope that is in him. His life afterwards is a series of interrogation points. He carries the habit of asking a reason in his dealings with all subjects, with all measures, and with all men.

"The Mosley commission made its report some time ago to the nation and the world. You will recall its origin. On account of the success of the engineers of the United States, Mr. Mosley met in South Africa, he desired to see 'what sort of coun-

try it was that was responsible for sending so many level-headed men to the Cape.' He said: 'So far as I was able to ascertain, the form of education given in the United States was responsible for much of its success, and I returned home, determined, if possible, to get together a party of experts to visit the country and test the soundness of my conclusions.'

"He succeeded in his effort, and a superb body of men, representing the cause of British education in all its various features, was organized into a commission to investigate the relations between education and commercial and industrial efficiency, or phrased differently, 'to find out the educational causes and conditions which have contributed to the rapid industrial development of the United States.'

"In this report Mr. Mosely sums up his reflections upon our general educational system as follows: 'My observation leads me to believe that the average American boy, when he leaves school, is infinitely better fitted for his vocation and struggle in life than the English boy. And, in consequence, there are in the United States a smaller proportion of "failures" and fewer who slide down hill, and eventually join the pauper, criminal, or "submerged tenth" class.'

"Dr. Harris, in referring to that portion of the report bearing upon the manual and industrial schools of the nation and upon its industrial condition, justly states 'that the American boy is fitted by the general course of the common school for a successful directorship of machinery. The graduate of the elementary school is well fitted by alertness and versatility to direct or "tend" the machine

in the textile manufactory, or in the machine shop or in agriculture.'

"He further says: 'If we remember that the manual training school does not cultivate alertness, versatility, and the power of attention, any more than, if quite as much as, the ordinary studies of the schools in arithmetic, algebra, geometry, "natural philosophy" or physics, not to mention grammar, and other language studies, we shall not be surprised that in our country, where industrial machinery of every kind is almost universally used, the American laborer is found to be possessed of note-worthy skill and ability to turn out a large amount of product, and that he is able to adjust himself to new situations, for the common school curricula give exactly the best training for this.'

"The American public school is not perfect by any means, but with all its imperfections it is the best system in the nation and for the nation that has been yet devised.

"The spiritual training of our children must be left to the church, as I have claimed. The state must not usurp the function of the church in any particular. The church must see that every child, so far as possible, shall receive a distinct religious education, and thus use this potent agency for the prevention of crime.

"The months of common school education must be increased each year from six to nine or ten, and the years from five to seven or eight. Teachers must be better trained and better paid. Parents must come into closer relationship with the schoolroom. Then will come the golden age of the public school, and with it the golden age of the church also. The millennium will then dawn upon us."

WHAT BELITTLES A WOMAN SOCIALLY.

By Ida M. Tarbell.

"No other honest work in the country so belittles a woman socially as housework performed for money. It is the only field of labor which has scarcely felt the touch of the modern labor movement; the only one where the hours, conditions and wages are not being attacked generally; the only one in which there is no organization or standardization, no training, no regular road of progress. It is the only field of labor in which there seems to be a general tendency to abandon the democratic notion and return frankly to the standards of the old aristocratic régime. The multiplication of livery, the tipping system, the terms of address, all show an increasing imitation of the old world's methods. Unhappily enough they are used with little or none of the old world's ease. Being imitations and not natural growths, they, of course, cannot be.

"More serious still is the relation which has been shown to exist between criminality and household occupations. Nothing indeed which recent investigation has established ought to startle the American woman more. Contrary to public opinion it is not the factory and shop which are making women offenders of all kinds; it is the household. In a recent careful study of over 3,000 women criminals, the Bureau of Labor found 80 per cent came directly from their own homes or from the traditional pursuits of women!"

The ordinary servant girl in the home knows that the standards and conditions of her work are a matter of chance; that, while she may receive considerate treatment in one place, in another there will be no apparent consciousness that she is a human being. She knows and dreads the loneliness of the average "place." "It's breaking my heart here," sobbed an intelligent Irish girl, serving a term for drunkenness begun in the kitchen, "alone all day long with never a one to pass a good word." She finds herself cut off from most of the benefits which are provided for other wage-earning girls. She finds the Young Women's Christian Association—in some quarters if not everywhere—closes its rooms and classes to her. She finds the girls' clubhouses generally are closed to her. She is the pariah among workers.

THE EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL.

By Dr. Max Thorek.

Official W. R. A. U. Physician and Surgeon-in-Chief American Hospital, Consultant Cook County Hospital.

Reprint from *The Player,* the Actor's Magazine.

A great deal of discussion has for some time been going on in scientific as well as in lay circles with reference to the effects of stimulants on the system. Society seems to be divided into two classes, one of which decries the use of stimulants in any form and are waging war by organizing temperance societies and even build hospitals in which not a drop of alcohol is permitted for the treatment of the sick or for any other purpose. (Frances Willard hospital, Chicago.)

The first effects noted when drinking beverages containing alcohol are the following: There is a short, temporary period of exhilaration, you feel good, you become "a good fellow," and when taken more and more you will begin to feel sleepy. This may gradually terminate in actual loss of consciousness. You are taken home. Then follows the stage of depression or the well-known "Katzenjammer."

If taken in small quantities it is a heart tonic, in large doses it is a heart depressant. A drink of liquor makes the breathing freer and fuller, an overdose weakens the respirations and you will often hear drunken men exclaim that they cannot get their breath. This means that the center of respiration in the brain is being poisoned.

The working man who rushes his pail to the

corner saloon for alcoholic beverages, in the belief that it is a food and substitutes other foodstuffs is digging his own grave. He is nursing the cumulative effect of a deadly poision and from the point of cost it has been calculated to be eight times more expensive than bread. As a food alcohol in any form is, therefore, an absolute failure.

There is nothing more degrading, there is nothing that converts the best of men to beasts than excessive drink. It is early in life that the habit may be easily acquired. Those who yield to its seductions and become its slaves are usually weakened either from inheritance or from some cause and it is in these neuropathic individuals that it works its ravages.

For some reason or other, illness, disappointment in business or love, worry over domestic felicity, financial reverses and the like cause the individual to feel an irresistible (?) craving for assistance in the struggle of life, and, yielding to alcohol, is wooed by blissful states of mind, which are temporary and soon vanish. He wants this mock happiness to continue—he indulges more and more, until the habit is finally acquired and he finds himself a confirmed drunkard. Some are quickly destroyed by it, others again resist its ravages for a longer period only to yield to it in the decrepitude of old age or when his resisting powers have been battered to pieces by the poison. After heredity it is next as a cause of insanity.

No better picture can be obtained of the effects of alcohol than from observing a drunken person In the beginning, that is, after the first drink or two, there is usually a feeling of exhilaration—the

individual feels an increase of his mental and physical powers. This stimulation is of brief duration. Soon thereafter symptoms of suspended function set in and the toper loses his sense of propriety, his moral tone is degraded, you cannot successfully attract his attention and he is unable to do any mental or physical work. This gets worse, his speech becomes babbling and he staggers about and is unable to perform co-ordinate movements with hands or lower extremities. If at this stage he pours more of alcohol into his system he will, in common parlance, become "dead drunk," lose his consciousness and not infrequently die from acute alcoholic intoxication.

Not all people, however, act alike when "stewed." Some of them are in a fighting mood and very active, others again shed tears into the cup of artificial bliss and are very depressed. The depression in some cases is so great as to lead to suicide.

Once the habit is acquired, the individual starts on a downward path and sometimes slower at other times quicker but surely lands in the realms of complete mental and physical decay. There is no organ in the body which is immune to the effects of alcohol. The principal organs involved however are the nervous system (particularly the brain), the stomach (catarrh of drunkards), liver (cirrhosis), and the kidneys. He begins to tremble, his stomach refuses, he develops arteriosclerosis (premature senility) and his mind becomes enfeebled.

Of the other effects we find disturbances of the sensation, motion and the intellect. The victim feels tingling, pricking or crawling sensations in certain parts of his body. His eyes and ears become de-

ranged and as a result he hears strange noises and sees things which are not there. He may develop alcoholic epilepsy or paresis.

The mental changes are gradual but progressive. The power of judgment is overthrown, the moral sense annihilated and mendacity appears in most bizarre forms. These people develop all sorts of delusions, the most characteristic of which are a certain jealousy and marital infidelity. A great many divorce cases and homicides can be traced directly to alcohol. The mind gradually decays and the poor sufferer lapses into a condition of total irresponsibility (alcoholic dementia).

The acute form of alcoholism known to all who see these people is known as delirium tremens. This is usually seen in cases where the drunkard debauches and robs himself of sleep and food. This condition may come on suddenly or develop within a day or two. The individual usually awakens at night trembling, he becomes sleepless, wants to get out of bed and do some imaginary thing, talks constantly and incoherently, looks about uneasily and fearfully and he sees all sorts of animals (snakes, rats, mice, alligators, monkeys, etc.)

Surrounded by these loathsome creatures and terrified by the imaginary screams and noises he hears, he presents a picture of abject horror. The horrors may be so great that some of these people jump out of the window and kill themselves. At other times again he imagines the people about him to be his enemies and attempts murder. During the attack he is constantly shrieking and is evidently in extremest agony and suffering.

In favorable cases the symptoms subside, the pa-

tient falls into a refreshing sleep and he recovers. In other cases again, the period of excitement is followed by one of depression, he goes into a stuporous state, becomes exhausted and dies. In some cases he may die suddenly, from a paroxysm of acute failure of the heart or from some complication—rupture of a vessel of the brain, or pneumonia may set in which carries him off promptly.

I believe that men who start on their "alcoholic career" should spend an hour or two in the receiving wards of some large hospital and see the sights, and pitiful conditions in which these poor people are admitted. An object lesson of this sort will do more good than reading of volumes on the subject.

It is a universally established fact that the immoderate use of alcohol will surely shorten the life of the individual. It is asserted on good authority that the mortality of the intemperate is from four to five times greater than that of the strictly temperate of the same age and in the same class of life.

Many death certificates show the cause of death to be due to, say for instance, disease of the liver, stomach, brain or kidney when as a matter of fact the individual died from alcoholism. This is frequently done purposely out of regard for the feelings of the relatives of the deceased.

All evidence points to the fact that alcohol, except in strict moderation, is injurious to men and women who exert themselves physically or those who do a great deal of mental work. For all engaged in athletic pursuits it has a distinctly damaging influence on the heart and blood vessels. For people in good health alcohol in any form presents

no advantages and for the young it is decidedly injurious.

To condense the whole matter it may be summarized as follows: 1. The abuse of alcoholic stimulants, in any form (wine, beer, whiskey, etc.) is largely responsible for physical deterioration, and that it leads to diseases of practically all tissues in the body. 2. Alcohol reduces the natural powers of resistance to disease possessed by healthy individuals. It renders them liable to many inflammatory disorders and causes them to suffer much more from any illness they may contract and making their recovery slow. 3. Intemperance predisposes to consumption, venereal diseases and other affections. 4. Children of intemperate parents are seriously affected. They frequently are subject to paralysis, epilepsy and idiocy, which, if not leading to death, render them permanently disabled. 5. The increase of lunacy is largely due to intemperance.

Alcohol is the poor man's enemy and the destroyer of society. Take a trip with me through the stockyard district of Chicago and you can nowhere see a better picture of mental and physical degeneracy than in this district. For blocks at a stretch you won't find a house without a saloon. (Some of them have two in one house.) The inmates, I cannot describe for want of space; but suffice it to say that no human hand can depict these degenerate animals in human form. These are the breeding places of crime and misery and of mental and physical decay.

HOW A RECITAL IS APPRECIATED BY PRISONERS.

Copied from *The Mirror,* Stillwater, Minn.

"On Sunday the members of the Chautauqua Circle were given a treat that will long be remembered. Miss Elizabeth Hanson of Wisconsin, traveling from the Lyceum Bureau of Chicago, was the attraction. She gave several readings, every one of them grand. None can be chosen as the best, yet we want to linger over the reading taken from Ralph Connor's story, 'Black Rock.' The scene was in a Canadian lumber camp and the minister reads the old, old story wherein The Christ is lifted up so that the lumber jacks might see a new significance in it.

"I would that I had the pen of an idealist, so that I could pay a fitting tribute to Miss Hanson and —her art. I have listened to many a lyceum worker, but that story, as read by Miss Hanson, crowns everything I have ever heard. The old, old story; yet she told it so beautifully that it came to us in a newer sense—newer because this truth was driven home to us. Heaven is still open to the worst of us. The pure life as held up by Miss Hanson is the secret of salvation. There is no substitute. We have tried them all and found them all wanting. And, now and again, we are forced to go back to listen anew to the old, old story that tells of a lowly Galilean being born, to give hope to the hopeless.

"Miss Hanson is gifted with a very pleasing personality, she does not have to rely solely upon her

art to win her audience. She has but to smile and tell in a few simple words (as she does) her creed of Sunshine 'of doing the best she can in all the ways she can whenever she can,' and she has her audience from the start. Her art keeps it.

"We do not know whether Miss Hanson has any set religion, but we do know she has the religion of life. She tells of a present, but in the telling she brings, out of the past, the memories of white boyhood, and white prayer-times. Old wounds we had thought closed and forgotten opened anew and many misty eyes there were when she told the story of the minister's hearing the old, old story from his mother.

"The memory of Miss Hanson will always live in our hearts, as one of the sweet and clean visions of the better life. I cannot help but think of her in connection with Owen Kildare's description of his 'Mamie Rose.' She was not a queenly looking girl; all her queenliness was within.

"There are stopping places along the downward path. Every man gets a dozen chances to stop and meditate. These stopping places bear a sign. 'Halt! View thy life!'

"Did the speaker bring us to one of the 'stops?'

"How did the words appeal to you?

"Was the word of encouragement, of hope, spoken?

"Did the scales turn, even a tiny bit?

"If so, you may say with me: 'Last Sunday we were given the chance to see such beauty of character in a girl, that we can appreciate and shape our dreams of Heaven."

IS THERE A CRIMINAL CLASS?

By William Allen Pinkerton.

Republished from *Hampton's Magazine.*

I have been for more than fifty years in almost constant association with crime and lawbreakers. I may fairly claim to have had exceptional opportunities for the study and observation of the operation of the human mind and the motives that actuate those whom society terms criminals. I have reached certain conclusions which do not agree with the theories of some eminent scientists nor altogether harmonize with the teachings of the sociological schools. I have no new theory to advance, but it seems to me some facts have been generally overlooked.

No one can study criminals at close range and believe in the existence of a criminal class, regardless of what Lombroso and his disciples may claim. It should not require any lengthy argument to prove this assertion. If there were a criminal class, sharply defined as such and differentiated from the rest of the human race by ascertainable characteristics, then it must follow that there would be a non-criminal class, comprising the rest of the human race and as sharply distinguished as the supposed criminal class.

Humanity is not thus divided into criminals and non-criminals. There is but one classification that can be made—the class of those who have committed crimes and the class of those who have not yet

committed crimes. Within certain limits, varying with the individual, every human being is a potential criminal. I have seen this illustrated so often that I am never surprised to learn that any man or woman, however highly placed and however greatly esteemed, has done something which the law forbids and for which society demands a penalty. On the other hand, however—and this is the bright side of the shield—every criminal is potentially an honest man, and with the right kind of encouragement from society will remain honest by preference. It is my observation of hundreds of criminals whose reform has been complete and permanent that makes this conclusion a definite one. It is this capacity of humanity to turn from evil ways to methods of life which society recognizes as right and proper that really proves my first conclusion, which is that crime is an accident to which a moment's carelessness may subject any living person. If these criminals who have reformed had belonged to a different order of humanity from those of us who have so far been fortunate enough not to have yielded to the impulse to crime, how could they have become members of the order to which we profess to belong?

Men and women who have had every advantage society can offer and whose moral training has been at least up to the average standard, commit crimes when the temptation and the opportunity occur simultaneously. I would hesitate to say that any man is temptation-proof. It is merely a question as to what his particular temptation is and how complete the opportunity to yield to it. Great crimes are never planned by men of a low order of

intelligence and the better educated a man is the more dangerous does he become when he turns criminal.

The motive that inspires nine crimes out of every ten is the desire to get money faster or easier than it can be earned legitimately. It is everlastingly true, as St. Paul said, that "the love of money is the root of all evil." Not money, but the love of money, which is quite a different thing. It is the love of money that may make a criminal out of any honest man, depending only upon how strongly he desires the money and how easy it seems to get it. I do not mean that there is no one who would resist the temptation to walk away with his neighbor's purse if he felt sure he could do so undetected, but most of us would prefer not to be subjected to that kind of temptation. Yet there are men who have been criminals—men classed by the police as habitual criminals—who do resist the temptation when it lies at their hands.

What is the underlying motive in most criminals? Is it the dread of prison that influences the ordinary criminal to turn straight? Fear of the prison—or, rather, of the disgrace of exposure—may keep some men from turning criminals, but I have seldom known the dread of returning to a cell to have much influence on one who has served time. It is something deeper than that—call it conscience, if you will—that makes men desire to reform. I think it is experience and observation. The most hardened crook comes at some time in his career to a realization that the honest man has a better time of it—that the privilege of walking down Broadway in broad daylight is worth making an effort for.

My sympathies are with the Jean Valjeans. I regard the character of Javert, the police officer in "Les Miserables" as the most despicable in all literature. If the escaped criminal continues to commit crimes, that is another matter. But if a criminal has reformed what could the prison do for him? Our modern conception of a prison is as a place where men are to be reformed. It would be sheer vindictiveness to send back a man who has reformed outside the walls.

The whole question of crime and criminals is one which our modern civilization hasn't yet got to the bottom of. We are very far advanced beyond the ideas of even a century ago. We no longer classify as crimes many things which were so regarded in an earlier age, nor do we punish trivial offenses with the same severity that once prevailed. There probably are men yet living who can remember when nearly one-hundred different offenses were punishable by death in England. A comparatively short time ago the theft of anything valued at more than six-pence was a capital crime. Nor has crime increased with the relaxation of the penalties. On the contrary, crime is steadily decreasing, through various causes, and that is my second general conclusion, drawn from a lifetime's experience.

Society has begun to learn that one way of preventing boys and girls from becoming criminals is to give them proper care and attention when young. The children's courts, that have been established in several cities, are still only in the experimental stage, but have already demonstrated their usefulness as a means of diverting youthful

offenders from the downward path. Much remains to be done in the way of improving prison conditions. Long steps have been made, however, in the direction of making our prisons and penitentiaries agencies for moral reform rather than vindictive instruments of punishment. The time is coming, as enlightenment increases, when men will come out of prison sounder in body and mind than they went in and with hands and heads trained to useful and profitable occupations. In this way we shall gradually be able to eliminate the habitual criminal, while better educational methods and a clearer recognition by the state of its duty to the child cannot fail to reduce materially the proportion of first offenders.

But with all these moral forces at work, are there not more clever and more skillful criminals at work today than ever before, is a question that is often asked. There are not more criminals, but cleverer ones. The successful great criminal of today has to be cleverer than ever before, not only because he runs an infinitely greater chance of being caught than did his predecessors in crime, but because modern methods of preventing crime are more efficient. We hear a great deal of the scientific criminal, but the scientific detective has more than kept pace with him.

Hand in hand with the moral agencies which are striving to make crime less attractive, or at least to make honest labor more attractive, there are constantly being developed new methods of preventing crime and of making it more hazardous and less profitable. Not only are means of protecting life and property constantly being improved, but

there is no branch of science that cannot be brought to bear and is not utilized on occasion in the solution of detective problems that would have been unsolvable mysteries a few years ago.

A single hair may send a man to the gallows. A single drop of blood in the hands of an analytical chemist may spell life imprisonment for a criminal. There is no poison the traces of which cannot be detected, while the microscope has made successful forgery almost impossible. The applicaton of the mathematical law of chance has proved it possible even to identify the particular machine on which any certain typewritten document was produced. The science of numbers has also been applied to the identification and recovery of stolen property, making it increasingly difficult for the thief to dispose of his booty.

Railroads, steamships, the telegraph, the telephone, the wireless and now the aeroplane have combined to make the world smaller and reduce the chances of the criminal's successful escape from pursuit. Canada and Mexico are no longer populated by defaulting bank cashiers from the United States, for international extradition treaties now cover almost the entire habitable globe.

It was once a very simple matter for the clever criminal to change his identity so completely that even when his crime was positively known he could remain immune from arrest under the very eyes of the police. First photography, then the Bertillon system of measurements, which has lately been supplemented by a system of classifying individual characteristics, and latest and best of all, the finger-print method of identification, are all operating to

reduce the criminal's chance of escaping punishment to the minimum. In my opinion the finger-print method will prove to be the most useful, as it is the most accurate means of detecting criminals. Photography alone does not furnish positive means of identification.

Some years ago Chas. Schumacher, one of our operatives, was killed by two criminals of the type known as "yeggs," at Union, Mo. There, by the way, is the most dangerous class of criminals now in existence—the "yegg." I do not know the derivation of the name, but every criminal and every pursuer of criminals knows it to mean a class of tramps whose specialty is safe-blowing, operating in small towns and villages, robbing post-offices, rural banks and similar easily opened safes. It is characteristic of the "yegg" as of no other type of criminal, that he will shoot to kill at the first suspicion of discovery. Every "yegg" is a murderer, actual or potential, as well as a burglar.

The two "yeggs" who killed Schumacher, William Rudolph and George Collins, were arrested at Hartford, Conn., and taken to St. Louis, where they were confined in the Four Courts prison and their Bertillon measurements taken. They escaped from jail, and in the search for them every "yegg" captured anywhere in the United States was held until one of our men could look them over to see if they were Rudolph and Collins. Two "yeggs" were captured in Kansas whose description tallied with that of the fugitives, but when the Bertillon test was applied their measurements did not tally with the record taken in St. Louis. Fortunately, the local authorities were able to hold the men

until some one who knew Rudolph and Collins could reach the spot and the identification was then easily made by their finger-prints.

It is surprising that the finger-print method for purposes of identification was not universally adopted long ago. It has been in use among the merchants of the interior of China for untold centuries, the thumb-print affixed to a receipt or a promise to pay being more binding than a signature, because of the impossibility of forgery. No two persons have been found whose finger-prints are alike, and it is the one distinguishing characteristic of the individual that, barring accident or mutilation, does not change from the cradle to the grave.

In this country the finger-print record has been adopted by the police departments of the principal cities and in every state prison and penitentiary. It has been adopted by the United States Army, which now keeps a record of the finger-impressions of every enlisted man as a means of identification in case of death on the battlefield, as well as for the detection in case of desertion. Not long ago I was asked by the War Department whether it was necessary to take a new set of finger-prints at each re-enlistment. I replied that this was unnecessary unless the subject had received injuries that left scars on his fingers.

The finger-print method requires no special operators, like photography, nor expert accuracy, like the Bertillon system. Any schoolboy can take finger-prints as well as a trained expert could do it. There is no difficulty in indexing and classifying finger-prints for rapid reference and comparison. Of course skillful criminals now wear gloves or take

other precautions to avoid leaving traces behind them, but once a man's finger-prints have been recorded there is no way in which he can successfully conceal his identity. If the system is extended, as it doubtless will be, until the finger-impressions of substantially all the world are on record, many classes of crimes will disappear from the calendar.

The finger-print alone, of course, will never detect criminals. One cannot walk along the street studying the finger-print of everyone whom he meets, and there will always be work for the skillful detective so long as crime continues and criminals flourish. But the record will eventually make it impossible for the criminal to hide, and consequently furnish another incentive to reform, while science is making it more difficult for him to conceal the evidences of his crime, modern protective measures are making crime more difficult, youthful offenders are kept from becoming criminals and those who have erred are being aided, through diverse agencies, to re-establish themselves as honest citizens.

I do not expect mankind to reach that state of perfection in the near future. I do contend, however, that because of the causes I have outlined, crime is decreasing, criminals are becoming fewer and the number of those who really reform is constantly increasing. After fifty years of experience in the detection of crime and the pursuit of criminals I am still an optimist.

THE MAN IN THE CAGE.

By Julian Leavitt.

Republished from *The American Magazine.*

When I first began my investigations into prison life and labor I believed, as most of the readers of this article probably believe, that the grosser cruelties of the cage were a thing of the past. I was familiar with the prison history of the last century, when the lease and contract systems held sway everywhere. In those days scarcely a year passed without its sickening scandal. Men, women, children, were systematically beaten, starved, and tortured in the mad drive for prison profits. There was no evil too wicked to be inflicted upon these creatures who had fallen under the heel of society. It was monstrous. Such things, I felt, could not possibly exist today. And in this belief I was confirmed by all the students of penology to whom I talked.

Genial wardens assured me that the reign of brutalitarianism was over. Kindly penologists assured me that the reign of humanitarianism was already ushered in. Some even believed that the pendulum had swung too far in that direction.

"We are coddling our criminals too much," a judge told me; "no good can come of it!"

And external evidence seemed to lend color to this protest. Clean cells, books, games, bands, even prison newspapers and moving picture shows, all seemed to indicate that revolution in prison methods was in full swing.

And yet the moment I began to probe below these pleasant surface phenomena I discovered that prisons were still prisons. In nearly half the States of the Union today the basic industrial conditions in the prison world are virtually the same as they were fifty and a hundred years ago. Everywhere, from Maine to Texas, we still sell prisoners to outside interests for the profit they may take out of prison. That is, men without rights are put completely into the power of men without feelings.

Let me tell briefly what the good people of Kansas and Michigan discovered, almost inadvertently, only a year or two ago. I must state plainly, at the outset, that these two instances are selected for description, not because they are exceptional in any degree, but because they are typical and recent. There are a dozen or more records of legislative investigations within the past decade which have revealed worse conditions than are described below.

The first case is that of the Branch Penitentiary of Michigan, located at Marquette. It is often known as the Upper Peninsula Prison. It is a small prison, as prisons go, yet it was the storm center of the legislative session of 1911 and filled thousands of newspaper columns with its story of manifold horror.

Its population numbers about 300, of whom some 240 are employed by two contractors, one a box-making concern with 74 men (its contract expired July 31, 1911, and was not renewed), and the other the firm of G. G. Shauer & Bro., overall manufacturers, of Chicago. As usual, the contracts are sold for a song, the State giving factory buildings rent free and tax free, heat, light, power, superintendence

and even drayage free and the labor of the men for 45 cents a day.

The warden, as usual, is a powerful politician. He is also a friend of the Governor and owner of a controlling interest in an influential newspaper.

For many years past rumors had been circulating among the people of Michigan concerning Warden Russell's institution; yet he was powerful enough to ward off any public investigation until 1909, when the State Legislature appointed a special committee to probe and report. This committee made a hurried visit to the prison, but found the convicts unwilling to testify for fear of punishment—a fear amply justified, as later events proved; for one of the few inmates who had been rash enough to talk, a boy by the name of Johnson, was found by the committee, in the course of a return visit, laid up in the hospital as a result of the vindictive punishments which had been inflicted upon him by the prison officers. Under these circumstances the members of the committee, feeling that the truth was not to be had, returned to Lansing and presented a fragmentary report which, everyone felt, could not possibly end the matter.

Two years later a new committee was appointed, with the fullest legislative authority. This time the committee stayed a week, took two thousand pages of testimony, and returned to the capital with a report which stirred the State of Michigan to its depths. "The debate on these findings," says the Lansing Journal, "furnished one of the most sensational sessions ever held by the Michigan House of Representatives. The galleries were crowded, as well as the side lines when the House convened

at 7:30 o'clock, and the sympathies of the spectators throughout the long argument, which lasted until nearly one o'clock, were with the convicts; and gradually the House was wrought to a pitch of intense feeling which threatened even more exciting scenes."

Unfortunately it was impossible to keep politics out of this affair, and the committee records, as well as the legislative debates and the press discussions, were largely tinged with partisan feeling. The committee of five did, however, agree on all the essential facts, splitting only on the recommendation affecting the warden—a minority of two recommending his dismissal and a majority of three favoring his retention, but not without a curtailment of his disciplinary powers. The House adopted the adverse report, and called upon the Governor to dismiss Warden Russell, but he ignored the resolution and the administration of the prison is, therefore, unchanged to this day.

In reporting the findings of the committee I shall aim to present only the evidence which is indorsed unanimously; otherwise the source will be expressly indicated; and I shall use, as far as possible, the language of the official report as published in the House journal.

In its externals, the Marquette prison, like most of our modern institutions, was found to be clean, and even inviting. The corridors were spotless, the cells light and even airy, and the food good and plentiful. But in the prison factory, where the men spend more than half of their waking hours, and where visitors rarely penetrate, ruled a system of exploitation that was perfect and complete. The

foreman of the overall factory which employed the greater number of the inmates was William Russell, brother of the warden. He, it seems, was the real power in the prison, and he was dominated by the single ambition that dominates all foremen—maximum output.

It was found, says the majority report, that more than three-quarters of the punishment reports originated in the overall shop, were signed by William Russell, and the offense charged in the majority of cases, "Not doing task," and in many more cases the offense was something that grew out of this same cause, "Not doing task." These tasks, adds the minority report, were beyond all reason.

The punishments were varied and frequent, but the most common was by the paddle, a scientific instrument, carefully designed, it seems, to inflict a maximum of suffering without infringing upon the humane law of the State, which is very explicit upon this point. It reads:

"The warden or deputy warden may punish the convict for misconduct in such manner and under such regulations as shall be adopted by the board; Provided, that punishment by showering with cold water or whipping with the lash on the bare body shall in no case be allowed."

Now the paddle is not a lash. It is merely a piece of heavy sole leather shaped like a tennis racket and fastened, with copper rivets, to a wooden handle. It weighs about two pounds. The auxiliary apparatus consists of a ladder, a barrel, chains, handcuffs and ropes. The ladder is about nine feet long and has a set of brackets in which the barrel is held firmly, lengthwise. The barrel is small,

perhaps the size of a "half" beer barrel. The prisoner, stripped, is laid upon the barrel, his feet roped to rungs at one end of the ladder and his hands bound with steel cuffs which are chained to the other end of the ladder. Two men then unite their strength to stretch these ropes and chains taut, in order to prevent the prisoner's body from moving or giving at any point, thereby weakening the force of the blows. In short, the man's body is by this means so placed, anatomically, that every blow of the executioner will yield its maximum result in human suffering.

The formal preparations completed, the experiment in reformation is ready to begin. The prisoner's head is covered by a sheet, so that he may not see his tormentors. Another sheet is placed upon his back, so that the provision of the humane law against punishment on the bare body shall not be infringed. The warden is called in to superintend; and the blows are laid on. Some men can stand as many as sixty or seventy blows, it was reported; others collapse at the fifth or sixth; most of them faint at the tenth or twelfth blow and mercifully remain unconscious.

This revolting list might easily be extended to fill several pages. The volume of two thousand pages of testimony is simply a volume of medieval horrors. Nor are these tortures accidental or occasional. They are the very basis of prison policy, as we shall see, wherever the dominant force is the contractor and his demand for maximum profits.

One would like to believe for example, that the paddle is merely an accident of prison life; that it was an instrument which was seized upon in a

moment of passion, and is clung to because it was found convenient. Unfortunately, the evidence is all against such a belief; rather does it point to the paddle as a very cold-blooded invention of a mind eager to inflict torture, but afraid to infringe upon the law. It has too many refinements to be an accident. One of these is peculiarly diabolical in its intent. The piece of sole leather is perforated by many small holes, perhaps an inch or two apart. These serve a double purpose; they suck up the air which would otherwise cushion the force of the blow somewhat, and they suck up the victim's flesh as the leather comes in contact with it. Then, says the report, when the paddle is pulled off very slowly and carefully, each perforation, as it releases the flesh which has adhered to it, sends its own message of pain to the man on the rack, thus intensifying the agony a hundredfold!

No, the paddle is really a social function of the prison; and a delicate touch is added to the ceremony by covering the victim's body with a sheet soaked in salt water. An ordinary sheet would have sufficed to evade the law; but the sting of the salt water, as it penetrates the lacerated flesh, adds an exquisite touch of pain. Yet, curious to see, one of the chief functionaries at the ceremony, the prison physician himself, did not understand the symbolism of the brine. Here is a bit of his testimony:

"What do they wet the paddle in?" he was asked.

"Salt solution."

"Why in salt solution?"

"I do not know.—From a medical standpoint it might be that there would be less pain with a salt solution than with plain water."

"Isn't it true that paddling is done to inflict pain? Then why should they wish to ameliorate it by using salt water?"

"I don't know. It has been the custom, and I have never changed it. I cannot say why it should not be used. I cannot say why it should be discontinued. Only in figuring from a medical standpoint, I cannot see that salt water is detrimental or harmful in the least."

The strait-jacket, once a favorite in most prisons, but now rarely used, was also found at Marquette. It is an instrument well beloved by the more brutal keepers, I am told, for this atrocious reason: The internal organs of the body, as every student of anatomy knows, are packed as skillfully as only Nature, with its millions of years of experience, can pack them. But if the body be encased in a strait-jacket and the straps jerked to the last notch, the delicate internal organs may be permanently displaced without leaving any external evidence.

A milder form of punishment—or perhaps, I should say, a less spectacular form of it, is the "cuffing up" of men by their wrists with handcuffs and chains to a staple in the wall or to the upper bars of a cell gate in the "bull pen," a special punishment room. This was frequently used in Marquette.

"It must be remembered," says the minority report, already quoted, "that the hands of every convict are drawn up to the same height. Such a position allows some men a chance to rest their arms somewhat on the cross bars, but it compels others to raise their hands above their heads and subjects them to most extreme torture. Men have been

chained continuously in this position for a period of fifteen days, only getting relief at night when allowed to lie on their cots. The handcuffs are never removed. One can probably form some idea of what it must mean to wait on oneself in such a condition."

Parenthetically, I may remark that this is perhaps the most common form of punishment in our prisons today, especially in contract prisons. I have never visited one of these without finding the bull pen occupied. The filth and degradation of it are indescribable. I can only suggest them by quoting the words which the inmates of one such institution bestowed upon a former warden of blessed memory, in contrast to the harshness of his successor, "Now there was a humane man!" they told me. "When he cuffed a man up he would let one hand free so that we could at least care for ourselves!"

But to return to Marquette. Its bull pen was never without victims. One elderly man named Myers, of excellent conduct, a leader of the band, an eminent citizen in general, was strung up six days for failure to perform task. George H. Hamilton, strung up for seventeen hours consecutively, lost the use of his left hand permanently. Earl A. Thompson, a bookkeeper before he went wrong, was unskilled as a machine operator. He could only finish thirty-six dozens of the forty which his task called for. He was strung up for two days.

They were punished for all manner of trivial offenses. One man was punished for using black thread instead of white, another for attempting to send a letter out of prison against the rules, another for breaking needles (a frequent and unavoidable

accident in overall manufacturing, as the hard cloth offers an irregular resistance to the delicate, swiftly-flying needles of the machine). But by far the greatest number of punishments—estimated by the investigating committee at three-fourths—was for failure to perform the tasks assigned. What these tasks were I have not been able to ascertain; it seems that there was no regular schedule, the foreman (who, you will remember, was the warden's own brother) speeding the men individually to their limit and punishing them for not exceeding it. The legislative committee of 1909 reported that "Conditions in the shops indicated that the men were worked to the physical limit, far beyond that expected in a free shop. It seemed as though every man was exerting every atom of energy in his make-up to perform the tasks assigned him." This is emphasized even more strongly in the report of the committee of 1911, both the majority and the minority reports concurring, as a result, in the demand that all contracts at the institution can be cancelled immediately. But it was soon discovered that one of the peculiar features of the contract was that although the contractor could cancel the bargain upon six months' notice to the State, the State was tied for the full period of five years. The contract, therefore, is still in force until 1913.

It would be unfair to close this chapter of the story without giving the warden's side of the case. His defense, briefly, resolved itself into this: (1) Since the death penalty is not inflicted in Michigan, its prisons house many degenerates who elsewhere would have been put out of the way altogether; (2) the men singled out for punishment were, as a

rule, among the most bestial of these; creatures who had committed nameless crimes while in freedom and who were vicious and unruly in captivity; therefore (3) they deserved all they got; and (4) anyway, he could not run the prison without corporal punishment.

The last item in the defense was demolished, curiously enough, by the warden's own friends in the investigating committee, who, although they fought stoutly and successfully for his retention, nevertheless recommended that the power to inflict corporal punishment be removed from his hands and vested in the board of control; and, moreover, that in no case should the paddle be used without the presence of the prison physician, the chaplain, and one member of the board of control. This last recommendation was an obviously impossible one, as the members of the board would have to make a special trip for every such function. The committee knew this well; the recommendation as a whole may, therefore, be regarded simply as a measure to "save face." And since the use of the paddle has been abandoned the necessity for its use seems to have disappeared also. "Not a single convict has had to be reported," admitted the warden lately, "and discipline has been of the very best." It seems, then, that when need drives even a warden must; if corporal punishment is flatly forbidden a prison may be run without it, after all.

With the warden's own admission on record all the other items of the defense break down completely; and yet it may be well to say a word upon them. It is true that Warden Russell's prison houses an unusually large percentage of murderers and life

men. But the "lifer," as every prison man knows, is generally the best-behaved man in the community. He may have committed his one great crime in a moment of passion and may be, at bottom, far less dangerous than the man who commits many small crimes deliberately. At any rate, once he is put away he adapts himself to his environment as sensibly as most men do in freedom. He knows that there is small hope of pardon so he "gets in right." He becomes conservative, acquires a stake in the prison world in the form of a superior cell, perhaps, or some other trifling perquisite, and enlists permanently on the side of law and order. If then, Warden Russell found his prisoners unruly, the reason lay elsewhere than with his life men.

I have set down the facts relating to Marquette prison plainly and without that comment which its obvious lesson makes superfluous. I shall merely emphasize the fact that this prison is no worse than a hundred others that might be named. It is not an exception. It is a type. I have described it at some length only because it happens to have furnished the latest of our perennial prison scandals. Within the last five or ten years there have been a dozen similar revelations in other States—in Illinois, New Jersey, Ohio, Georgia, Texas, Kansas. All of these were as bad as Michigan, Kansas was even worse. The story of its clean-up at the hands of Kate Barnard, of Oklahoma, is interesting.

When the young territory of Oklahoma was first confronted with the crime problem it had no prisons and no money to invest in these luxuries. It solved this problem, however, by boarding out its convicts to its neighbor, Kansas, which owned a castle of a

prison at Lansing that housed comfortably nearly a thousand inmates and had room for more. Oklahoma paid forty cents a day for the food and board of its convicts and permitted Kansas to make whatever additional profit it might by working the men in its own coal mine or in the contract shops. At the time, this arrangement seemed reasonably fair to both States. But it was not long before both of these communities were to learn how dangerous it is to play the game of convict exploitation.

Oklahoma became a State in 1907. By that time, some of its people had begun to suspect that all was not well with the Oklahoma prisoners in the Kansas Penitentiary. Discharged convicts drifted back to their homes with terrible stories of maltreatment. But the people as a whole were too busy to listen; and even had they stopped to heed there were no means of confirming the convicts' stories.

But one day in the summer of 1909 there appeared on the streets of Lansing a little, dark-haired woman who was destined to make a stir in the two States before she had finished her work. She found her way to the prison, paid her admission fee, and joined the visitors' line in the old castle. The well-trained guide conducted the party through the show-places which every prison care-stages for the curious visitor—the spotless kitchen, the library, the short corridor upon which face the comfortable cells of the favored inmates, and perhaps the Bertillon room. When the trip was over, the little woman retraced her steps to the warden's office. To the trusty at the door she presented her card. It read:

KATE BARNARD
Commissioner of Charities and Corrections
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Never did so small a woman and so simple a card create such consternation. The warden met her with scant civility.

"What is it that you want?" he asked her.

"I should like to go through this prison," she answered, "in order to see how the Oklahoma prisoners are being treated."

"Well, I shall have to consult the board of control about that."

The board happened to be in session at that moment. The members were furious.

"Who commissioned you to come here and spy upon us?" one of them cried out.

"A million and a half citizens of Oklahoma," she answered, with all the dignity that a small person can sometimes muster.

"You may either show me through or show me out, as you please."

The men blustered, but she stood her ground, knowing that she had the advantage and that they knew that she knew it. Finally they gave way and permitted her to proceed with her investigations, putting only such obstacles in her way as seemed to suggest themselves at the moment.

The story of her adventures and of all that followed forms an interesting chapter in the prison history of the United States. It is told in full in the First and Second Annual Reports of the State Commissioner of Charities and Corrections of the State of Oklahoma.

She crept and crawled, she says, through the inky depths of the State coal mine where many of the Oklahoma men were employed. There were passages so narrow that if the earth were to sag ever so little a large man could never get out alive—and often the supports were bent under the weight of the earth above. The rumor of her visit went through the silent prison like wildfire. Every Oklahoma man felt that the hour of his salvation had come; yet no one dared to approach her openly to give her the information that all knew she was seeking. But occasionally, in the protecting darkness, some boy would rush past her and whisper: "Look for the water-hole, girl"—or "For God's sake, don't go away without seeing the crib and the dungeon!"

She stayed only a short while, but the sight and sound of what she saw that summer day drove the two States to appoint a joint committee to investigate. The first session was amicable enough, but friction soon developed, as might have been expected, and the joint investigation was brought to an abrupt close when Miss Barnard challenged the committees to investigate the financial management of the prison as well as its physical defects, which were all too obvious. The Kansas Committee, so far as I am informed, never reported in full; but a brief abstract in the Fourth Annual Report of the Board of Health seems to confirm all the charges that Miss Barnard made, so that I feel justified in quoting freely from her own full report, which also contains a stenographic report of the hearings held by the joint committee.

The task in the coal mine, it seems, was eighteen

cars a week—which, according to report, is reasonable enough for a skilled miner, but impossible for a beginner. The learners were, therefore, put with the older men. Thus they were confronted by two alternatives; either to put themselves completely at the service of these older men, or to try the task, as best they could, alone; and since the second alternative meant failure and inevitable punishment, most learners were willing to serve the older men. The fate of a boy who was thus made the slave of a slave in a dark hole in a mine need not be dwelt upon. Miss Barnard's report contains some of the most sickening testimony ever printed in the English language.

The punishments at Lansing were even more murderously cruel and deliberate than those at Marquette. One instrument was the "crib" or "alkazan," a heavy coffin in which the victim was placed, face down, his hands and feet tied securely and drawn up behind his back until they met, the lid screwed down and the man allowed to lie for hours tied in this knot! Or he was placed in an upright position, tied immovably, his mouth plugged open by a wedge between the teeth, his face and mouth smeared with molasses, and the windows opened to admit the flies and insects. Another punishment was the familiar "water-cure," whereby the victim is given all the torments of drowning by having a powerful stream of water forced into his mouth, ears and nostrils. And the more conventional punishments—flogging, the dungeon, etc.—were in constant use. Here are a few cases from Miss Barnard's record:

Bert Lewis, cribbed two days in 1907 for letting fire die down in kiln.

Ellis Dillon, failing to get out his three tons of coal daily, was cribbed four days one week, four days the next week and six days the third week. Released Thursday, died Monday.

Joseph Bruner, cribbed eight days in 1908.

Martin Bates, water cure, crib alkazan, 1907-8.

Clarence H. Green, 21 days dungeon, 1907 or 1908.

Ed. Carpenter, water cure and seven days dungeon, 1907.

Miss Barnard presented dozens of cases similar to these and was ready to present fifty others. And the testimony of all tended to show pretty convincingly that the Kansas Penitentiary was an elaborate apparatus of torture; that the guards murdered the inmates and the inmates murdered each other; that the food was uneatable, the water undrinkable and the life unlivable—in short, that the State of Kansas was spending something like a half million dollars a year in the manufacture of monsters.

The prison administration made no defense worthy of the name. "They burned the cribs before the investigation," writes Miss Barnard. "I am informed that they had intended to keep them and undertake to demonstrate how harmless they were, but, finding many blood stains on the woodwork, they ordered the convicts to scrape and boil them off, but the cribs had been used so much that they were pretty thoroughly saturated, so that the stains could not be removed."

There could be no defense. But the administration was powerful enough to fight without one, at least for a time. The warden, as usual, was a pow-

erful politician. At the time of the investigation he was State Senator; and on the stand he testified that he had been member of the school board, mayor of his town, and tersely—"all that sort of thing." He was a personal friend of Governor Hoch. The firm which held the principal contract in his institution, the Union Overall Company, also had powerful affiliations. Its vice-president was the Honorable D. R. Anthony, Jr., now representing the First District in Congress.

Having no decent defense, the powers resorted to an indecent one. "Tales were circulated," says Miss Barnard, "that my motive for making the charges against the Kansas Prison was 'that my husband had been a convict!' When it was pointed out that I am a single woman the tale was changed to make me an ex-convict. When our committee resented these preposterous stories they told that the Assistant Commissioner had been a prisoner in Lansing Prison. The five witnesses brought from Oklahoma were designated as "Kate Barnard's Band of Murderers." A Kansas City reporter chided me with bringing such men as witnesses. I retorted by asking him who but convicts or ex-convicts could testify truly as to what took place within prison walls. He confessed that no others could, but ended by saying that he would not believe such men under oath. This was an admission that he would allow horrors to exist in a prison because of lack of proper witnesses. The sentiment was a serious handicap, but you will observe by reading the evidence that not one bit of the ex-convicts' testimony was disproved."

The evidence was strong enough to cause drastic

action to be taken by both States. The Oklahoma prisoners were removed in the dead of winter and set to building a prison for themselves in their own State. Kansas, left to grope with its problem, threw out the entire prison staff, cancelled the contracts which had been the source of the punishments, and cleaned and humanized the institution in many ways. Mr. Codding, the new warden, is a big man and impressed me, in the course of a brief talk, as a strong man. With the aid of Governor Stubbs, who has thrown himself heart and soul into the problem, he has already accomplished great results.

The scandal which Miss Barnard raised has ended well for two States. But its lessons may well serve for the twenty-odd other States where convicts are still exploited for profit.

What has happened in the midst of two kindly communities like Kansas and Michigan can happen, and does happen, elsewhere. I cannot emphasize too strongly the fact that these two cases that I have described at some length are not exceptional. It happened that, for a brief moment, their windows were opened wide and we were allowed to see what goes on in the name of the State. Other prisons, no less guilty, have their windows firmly shut and curtained. No outside investigator can possibly get the legal evidence necessary to convict. Guards will not talk; their bread and butter depends upon silence. Prisoners cannot talk; for so long as they remain in the cage they cannot reach the outside world with their stories, for not a letter may leave or enter the prison without inspection, and when discharged they cannot talk for their liberty frequently depends upon their silence. They are either

on parole or on probation; or they are dependent upon the charity of a prisoners' aid society which is itself dependent upon the good will of the prison administration. The warden need not talk for he is all-powerful. He is the one public official who is not accountable to the public in any effective degree. He publishes annual reports; but no one can check them or contradict them, for he holds the keys to the prison.

To get legal evidence under such circumstances is, I must repeat, well-nigh impossible; yet, I have enough information to justify a dogmatic declaration that wherever the contract system exists in any of its forms—either lease, piece-price or ordinary contract—there exist the same conditions that have been exposed in Michigan and Kansas. I might even say that, in judging contract prisons, it is proper to reverse the usual laws of evidence and to hold them guilty unless they can prove their innocence; and that the better the reputation of such a prison is, the worse is its actual administration likely to be.

I have in mind, for example, one Eastern prison where the contract system has operated undisturbed for many years. The warden of the institution is a leading penologist. He is a prominent member of the American Prison Association. He has the solid support of press, pulpit and public in his State. Yet I venture to predict, on the basis of certain evidence now in my possession, that if the Governor of that State should appoint, tomorrow, a committee consisting, let us say, of the deans of the political science faculties of Harvard and Yale, one or two perfectly upright prison officials of the

stamp of Superintendent Leonard of the Ohio Reformatory, and two or three well-known men of the State; and if the Governor or the Legislature should give this committee the power to examine witnesses under oath, to audit the prison records, and to make a thorough physical probe of the prison —I venture to predict that this committee would, in the course of a week's investigation, uncover a nest of horror which would make the community gasp.

The reader who has followed the story to this point has probably asked himself more than once: "If this is a true picture of prison life, why do the men endure it all? They are strong, desperate men; why don't they revolt? Why don't they burn the prison down? Why don't they kill their keepers—or themselves?"

The answer is simpler than one would imagine. In the first place, the average convict, like the average human being, does not expect to share the general fate. He knows that others are punished and even tortured. Scarcely a day passes without a whisper of it reaching him, in the voiceless language which convicts employ. But he invents a dozen reasons to explain to his own satisfaction why they deserved what they got and why he won't get it. And when his turn comes he is astounded.

In the second place, most convicts are not desperate men. On the contrary, the average convict is the most docile, spiritless creature in the wide world. We must remember that of the great army of lawbreakers it is only the failures who land in prison; and this consciousness of failure crushes the con-

vict's spirit even more than does the iron routine of the prison.

The tradition of the "bad man" which rules the popular attitude toward the convict is both false and foolish. It is fostered, largely, by two agencies, neither of which is altogether disinterested. One of these is the police; the other is the daily press. The police make their bread and butter by the pose of social defense. It is true that many police and prison officials are sincere in their simple conviction that society, were it not for brass buttons, would instantly revert to barbarism; the majority, however, understand their place fairly well and are not above trading upon the fears of the timid citizen deliberately, with an eye to increased appropriations. The newspapers, on the other hand, foster the "bad man" tradition indirectly, and perhaps innocently.

It is only the more sensational crimes that have sufficient news value to justify "scareheads" or prominent mention otherwise. But the average reader does not realize this. He is fed, daily, on the exceptional in crime, and ends by accepting it as the rule. Therefore he finally grows to associate all criminals with sensational deeds of daring or cruelty, forgetting that for every crime which is striking enough to be "played up" on the front page of his paper there are a thousand drab, stupid, foolish, cowardly crimes which are too inane to get an inch of space in the most obscure corner of the sheet. Yet it is the perpetrators of these who are, as a rule, the inmates of our prisons.

When a superior criminal does, by a fluke, land in prison one of two things happens immediately.

Either he is broken by the routine and becomes as spiritless as the rest or he worms himself into the ring which rules the prison and himself becomes a force for law and order. In either event he knows that to attempt escape or mutiny is foolish; for success in either is, as a rule, followed by recapture or defeat.

It is the common realization of this, rather than the discipline of the prison, which makes concerted mutiny impossible.

Concerted mutiny is doomed to failure; but individual revolts are equally futile. Nevertheless, there arise, occasionally, men of heroic frame who resist to the end. These are probably recorded in the physician's report as victims of heart disease or fever. Some men will even mutilate themselves in order to escape the daily task. This is mentioned casually in many a prison report. In Missouri, for example, where the contractors have full control, the report of the State Bureau of Labor for 1909 remarks that "Some deliberately maimed themselves by placing fingers under cutters or against fast-moving circular saws, to escape the daily task." But these poor creatures miscalculated sadly. They were simply turned over to a shoe-findings contractor for twenty cents a day less than the standard price. In some States the cripples and defectives are sold for half price. Nowhere do they escape the task; for the institution which is run by the contract system cannot afford to trade fingers for freedom.

THE CONTRACT SYSTEM.

By Charles Edward Russell.

As a general rule, subject, of course, to some exceptions and modifications, where there is contract labor there is corporal punishment; where there is no contract labor there is no corporal punishment.

In these days, therefore, corporal punishment survives not for reasons of discipline, because discipline is maintained easily enough without it, but to extract from the prisoners the profits of speculators in misfortune. And the men that are subjected to the unspeakable degradation and pain of the lash suffer not so much for their own misbehavior as for the greed of those into whose hands the punishment of our stumblers was never legally committed.

Long ago I suspected this to be the fact; now I am sure of it. Lest there be doubt of this detestable fruit of a vicious system, I refer the incredulous to the evidence that lies in the geographical distribution of the evil. They will find that corporal punishment and brutality are at the worst where the contract system is most absolute (as in the loathsome convict camps of Alabama) and lessen as the contract system lessens, until all disappear together in a modern reformatory like Fort Leavenworth.

The hearts of men are not naturally cruel; cruelty is the offspring of greed, and greed is born of the social system that enables the strong to prey upon the weak and one man to live upon another's toil.

PROFIT IN PRISON LABOR.

Leslie M. Shaw was four years Governor of Iowa. He was for six years a member of the President's cabinet as Secretary of the Treasury. He is at present the influential president of the First Mortgage Guarantee and Trust Company of Philadelphia; also chairman of the board of directors of the American Fibre Reed Company. With Mr. Shaw, politics is politics and business is business.

We have received a copy of a recent prospectus of the American Fibre Reed Company, enumerating the advantages under which it operates, announcing its plans for increased output, and offering $200,000 of its preferred stock at par to the public.

Mr. Shaw's prospectus is impressive. It says: "The American Fibre Reed Company manufactures fibre and reed furniture with prison labor. Its factories are located inside prison walls and it has, at the present time, 800 prisoners under contract in Maine, Illinois and Kentucky. Prison contracts are usually made for eight years and generally continue indefinitely. This company pays for its labor 52 cents per man per day; its competitors who employ free labor pay an average wage of about $2.00 per day."

"There are no strikes or labor troubles in prisons. This company is supplied free of rent with factory buildings, storage warehouses and grounds inside the prison walls, and with free heat, light and power. To acquire similar facilities as this company has obtained free with its contracts would necessitate

an additional investment of approximately $1,000,000. Having to make no investment for factory buildings, storage warehouses, heat, light or power, the company's funds are kept actively engaged in liquid assets such as raw materials, finished goods, and accounts receivable. These are ideal conditions for profitable manufacturing."

"Dividends of 7 per cent on the preferred and 10 per cent on the common stock are strongly assured; in fact, the company expects its net earnings to be double these dividend requirements."

"The company's experience and organization enables it to obtain these contracts and advantages in preference to—other manufacturers of fibre and reed furniture who have not had prison experience."

"The demand for fibre and reed furniture, having grown so rapidly, the company has decided to double its output. This should give it control of about 65 per cent of the fibre and 50 per cent of the reed business in the United States."

Meanwhile the movement against contract prison labor is gaining headway. The states are beginning to awaken to the evils and injustice of exploiting prisoners for private profit. Twenty-one states passed laws designed to protect imprisoned men and women from being used as cheap labor to pile up dividends for favored manufacturers. Not one state legislated to give new powers of leasing or contracting for the labor of prisoners, and one only, Idaho, extended the field of its present leases.

What Mr. Shaw's company offers is undoubtedly attractive to capital seeking high earnings and little risk. It is what is known as a "cinch." But is it not also an object lesson? Does it not emphasize the

public duty of protecting our prisoners from such exploitation for the private enrichment of a few manufacturers; like those, for example, whose "experience and organization" enable them to get the cheap prison labor and the free light, power, heat and space, away from competitors with less of such "prison experience?"—Reprinted from La Follette's Magazine.

PRISONERS SHARING PROFITS.

F. H. Tracy, Sheriff of Washington County, Vt.

"The work commenced under a prison labor law passed by the legislature of this state in 1906, the intent of the law being to work men under guards. We tried this method for some months, but with poor success, the men doing as little as possible and with poor results. Finally, in the spring of that year, I commenced the plan of giving the men a part of their earnings. In other words, I gave them all they earned above one dollar per day, and the result has been wonderful. The men all have to work as laborers, no matter what has been their calling. We have had many a man support his family from his earnings while serving time. The men go to their day's work like any ordinary laborer, sometimes five or six together, and sometimes alone, working cheerfully and saving their wages and contented. Surely the time is fully ripe when every state should give those confined a part of their earnings. This means better work and relieves many innocent people of the disgrace of charity."

GOOD ROADS BUILT WITH PRISON LABOR.

By Warden T. J. Tynan.

In four years we have built about 1,000 miles of roads in Colorado with labor worth $2.00 a day, but which cost only 28 cents. We now have 300 of our 800 convicts engaged in that work without armed guards, and many miles away from the prison walls. One-hundred more are employed under the same conditions on the 1,500 acre farm of the prison. In other words, 50 per cent of our prisoners are working outside the walls. This system has spread in the last four years until it is now used with success in Oregon, Arizona, Utah, Wyoming and Nevada.

We build approximately $250,000 worth of roads yearly. Prisoners are sent out to do the work. They form a camp and are supervised in their work by a skilled road man. For every thirty days of good deportment the prisoner receives ten days of "good time." One prisoner out of every 200 escapes. Before they are sent out they give their word of honor they will not attempt to escape and will prevent others from trying. They get relatives and friends to make like promises on their behalf, so that when a man does escape he throws down his best friends.

The public is against the contract system. The labor unions have indorsed the use of convicts on the roads. They build excellent roads, too.

The old system of prison management is fundamentally wrong from both the viewpoint of the state and prisoner. Flogging is worse than futile. It only tends to brutalize the victim and serves no useful purpose. I have used it only twice in five years. The contract labor system is the worst curse of prisons. It is a farce. Two favorite industries for the contract system are the making of brooms and shirts. In making brooms the contractor is often robbing the blind, for many of them earn their living by making brooms. The contract system teaches no trade to the prisoner, the state is cheated, and the system is morally bad. It benefits only the contractor.

"All nations seem to have had supreme confidence in the deterrent power of threatened and inflicted pain. They have regarded punishment as the shortest road to reformation. Curiously enough, the fact is that no matter how severe the punishments were, they did not cure crime. In our country there has been, for many years, a growing feeling that convicts should neither be degraded nor tortured. It is my belief that all the tortures inflicted in the modern penitentaries have been caused through physical fear, and when the average warden overcomes that natural fear of the man who is imprisoned, he will find that kindness and firmness will go further toward reformation than the club or whipping post. The convict who is doing right should be encouraged. Every right should be given him, consistent with the safety of society. He should not be degraded or robbed. We have found that by working a certain number of our convicts on the public highways we have produced splendid

results, not only from a monetary standpoint, but in the way of reforming the men themselves. Since December 1, 1910, we have built over 1,000 miles of good roads. I hope the sentiment of the state will commend us to such a degree that we will be able to keep our convicts on the highways, instead of keeping them inside, because we know from actual tests and experience gathered from other states that ours is the most reformatory way of running a prison ever conducted in the country."

BUT DOES IT PAY?

The man who gave his son a nickel to go to bed without his supper then charged him five cents for his breakfast had nothing on these prison officials:

Some few prisons pay a small stipend to those prisoners who are actively engaged in doing the work that serves to make the institution self-supporting. From this amount the State deducts the cost of keeping the prisoner. One great State in the East pays its prisoners the munificent wages of one and one-half cents for each working day, irrespective of what their work may be, but even in this case earnings were forfeited for each infraction of the rules.—Editor-in-Chief of Good Words—published in the United States penitentiary at Atlanta, Ga.

A NEW PURPOSE.

By Warden J. C. Saunders.

"Thou shalt not kill" ought to be as binding on the state as it is on the individual. Why should the state set the example of killing a man, that he may pay the penalty of a crime; kill another man for slaying his comrade? We seem to forget that any punishment is reserved for the Almighty to administer. There are those who maintain that the murderer should be killed as you would kill a snake that bites you. I believe it is a mistake to send a man to the penitentiary for life on circumstantial evidence. What is the logic in killing a man who never stands alone in this world, unless you punish his accomplice and furthermore preclude the bad social conditions and defective institutions that tend to make him what he is? Every instance of a man's suffering the penalty of the law is an instance of the failure of that penalty in effecting its purpose, which is to deter. To break away from custom is always painful, no matter how barbarous the custom, which is seen more in what we bear than in what we enjoy; and yet a pain long borne so fits itself to our shoulders that we do not even miss that without disquietude.

Nature never made an unkind creature; illusions and bad habits have deformed a fair and lovely creation. Outlawed criminals often bear more humanity in their hearts than these cold blameless citizens of virtue in whose white hearts the power

of evil is quenched, and also the power of good. If a man steals a ride on a railroad he is called a "hobo"; if he steals the whole railroad, his name is emblazoned in history as a financier. An outsider was passing by the prison the other day when the men in the yards were indulging in a game of baseball. He remarked to the guard on the wall: "This is a hell of a penitentiary." That man had just sold fifty cords of wood that were three inches short of being four feet long. Verily, I was led to exclaim that the chief difference between the outsider and the group on the inside was simply the stone wall. To close a man's ears to the refining influence of music is nothing short of criminal.

Men must be inspired with the idea that they are men, entitled as men to the fullest of every privilege which they can only lose by ceasing to be men. Self-respect is recreated at once; there returns a sense of personal dignity, and those are the two kinetic forces of reformation."

It is my opinion that there should be more system of earning devised for the prisoners, that they may acquire the habit of not only making, but saving, during the period of their incarceration, and particularly those who have families on the outside. This would give them a working interest in the institution, and it would cultivate the habit of diligence, industry, etc., such as we would want them to use on the outside when released. It is punishment of the most cruel character to turn a man loose from the prison with nothing in his pocket but a five dollar bill. There is no question but that the matter would be abused, but the abuse by a few should not prevent the rewarding of one who

is really trying to make a man of what is left of him. Exercise, as I have said before, is the law of development, and the lack of that habit of saving is what brings many a fellow in here, to think and ponder over the past, and suffer. There is no man so miserable as he who is at a loss how to spend his time in his cell after his manual labor is over. The divinest spirit that ever appeared on earth has told us that the extension of human sympathy embraces all that is required of us either to do or to foresee.

Our prison lecture course, which carries with it about $1,200 worth of the best talent on the lecture platform, is a reward that cannot be measured in its influence. The personal appearance of a prisoner should be emphasized by a respectable suit of clothes, tailor-made, laundered shirts and polished shoes, for Sundays and holidays. Now, I know that many laugh at this proposition; but when you consider that many of them have never had any of these refining influences on the outside and have subordinated their finer senses to over-indulgence of passion, it is worth while to reward them. You cannot make a man better, you cannot make him think better or act better, until you first throw around him the best influences there are. Furthermore, it does not cost any more to make a suit of clothes shapely than it does to throw it together and hang it on a prisoner as you would rags on a scarecrow.

A man's food should be varied, not with extravagance; but he should have plenty of good wholesome food. These men have eaten with their hands in "hobo" clusters out of troughs, much like the swine on the outside, and have failed.

Ninety per cent of the men in my institution are there as a direct result of the booze proposition, but I have very few bartenders who sold these ninety per cent men the booze. I would abolish capital punishment, and I am not sure that I shall not eventually do away with the solitary, except in the very rarest cases; as I believe the mental punishment which a man gets is far in excess and much more effective than any corporal punishment whatsoever. Prisons should be located in the country where fresh air and God's out-of-doors can be indulged in to the limit. Our medical department would then have fifty per cent less service to render. Prisoners' health of course is a vital consideration. The treatment of the eye, ear, nose and throat is a revelation.

The beating of men will not be tolerated while I am warden. I think perhaps the most effective punishment we have is taking a man's good time and depriving him of the privileges of fellowship on holidays, and keeping him out of the dining-room and from assembling with the men in the yards and enjoying the little social privileges that cost nothing to give. "Punish parents and not children" was the caption of a column in a daily paper the other day. If I were a Methodist I should say "Amen." May the Lord save many children from their parents before they get in the ways that lead to the prison. A man or woman who brings a child into this world ought to be compelled to raise it right.

The cry is punishment, punishment, punishment. Ah, my dear reader, God knows that the man is punished more than human tongue can tell in the

words "convict" and "ex-convict." His punishment never leaves him. There is never a moment in the natural life of a man who has served in a prison which is free from punishment. The world points its finger of scorn and says: "There goes the 'ex-convict'." God pity the "ex-prisoner," nobody else does. There are sufferings that the world never sees, and that courts and keepers cannot inflict.

Long after father and mother have sinned through omission; long after the formative period of life has passed and nothing but a wreck and a shell is presented at the turnkey's office; long after the moral and religious instincts have been decultivated; long after every influence has been brought to bear to weaken; long after the miserable jails of Iowa have stung them; long after the courts and municipalities have given them the "gravity kick"; long after a few should have been sent to Glenwood; long after the inebriate should have enrolled elsewhere; long after some have become insane; long after hate, anger, judge, jury, mob, and prejudice have placed their "fiat," we are asked to reward and punish. When we contemplate the psychology of a mob of intelligent people, we seriously doubt our moral right to punish.

THINK IT OVER.

"We condemn their bodies to degeneracy, break their spirit with iron bars, and, when their souls are black and cankered, turn them out again upon the world."—Gov. George W. P. Hunt, of Arizona.

PRISON PROBLEMS.

Governor B. F. Carroll, of Iowa, appointed a committee to investigate prison conditions at Fort Madison and elsewhere. The committee consisted of Hon George Cosson, attorney general, Hon. M. A. Roberts of Ottumwa, who had long served upon the district bench, and Hon. Parley Sheldon, of Ames, who has served as mayor of his city for nearly a generation, who at one time was the nominee of his party for Lieutenant Governor. The committee made a long and valuable report, its finds and recommendations were unanimous. A few of them are copied here: "Under any system in the management of a penal institution there must of necessity be loyalty, fidelity and co-operation on the part of the guards and the subordinate officers. Their conduct is inextricably connected not only with the general welfare of a prison, but also abuses common to penal institutions.

We found that there were a number of guards at the penitentiary who were not loyal to the warden, the board of control, nor the state. They were conniving with prisoners either through sympathy or for gain.

The evidence is absolutely convincing that a number of guards were passing letters in and out of the institution, and not only that, some of them were furnishing prisoners with morphine, cocaine and other kinds of dope. It seems to be generally accepted that in a number of the penal institutions of the country, the guards themselves traffic in dope,

and it is claimed that many a young fellow who never used dope when he entered a prison left it an abject dope fiend. Evidence comes to this committee that such is true within this state.

We are advised that since the visit of this committee to the institution three or four guards have been discharged. The committee recommends that every guard and every subordinate officer in the penitentiary at Fort Madison who is either passing letters, passing dope or in any way planning and conniving with prisoners should be promptly discharged. Wardens in other prisons have attempted to temporize with guards of this character and suspend them or reprimand them. The result has always been that the warden or superintendent has found that he has a far more dangerous man in the institution in the person of the guard than the prisoner himself. In this regard there should be no expediency or temporizing. Summary and absolute dismissal is the proper remedy. In this connection the committee finds that the general standard of the guards at Fort Madison is not equal to the high standard found at the Mansfield and Elmira Reformatories and other model penal institutions.

It needs no argument to demonstrate that a man of sufficient education, ability and character to properly fill the responsible position of guard cannot be permanently kept at a small salary of fifty or fifty-five dollars per month.

No institution can be properly managed without capable, efficient, honest and loyal guards. There was evidence to the effect that some of the employees of the contractors co-operated with the prisoners in passing things in and out of the prison.

While our evidence is such as not to warrant us in attempting to designate the particular employees of the contractors, we feel certain that there is more or less truth in the testimony, and that not only information and letters are conveyed from prisoners to persons on the outside, but that at least some drugs and dope received by prisoners come through that avenue. That abundant opportunities exist for these evils there can be no question.

That in some states, prison officials of penal institutions have received financial benefit from the contracts is certain, and that the opportunity exists in any event is beyond question. There is no penal institution in which the contract labor system exists where prisoners do not claim that the officers of the institution are controlled by the contractors, from the superintendent, the warden, the prison physician down to the most subordinate officer.

Inasmuch as the contractor is in the business for profit and not for philanthropy, there is a great temptation on the part of the contractors to keep on harmonious relations with the prison authorities. This may be done in various ways without transgressing any law, and perhaps without the contractors realizing that they are offending against anything in the moral code. If, however, the contractor is the kind of man that believes in getting results and that the end justifies the means, there is unlimited opportunity for corruption.

A letter was received by the attorney general from an inmate in which he states: "I have been deprived of my liberty and robbed of my labor for years. My health and nervous system are broken down. I am not a criminal and feel that I am held a slave to the contract system."

The saying that "Whenever the contractor comes in, the warden goes out" contains a sufficient amount of truth to prevent it ever becoming obsolete so long as the contract system is in use.

As before stated, the contractor is in the business for what profit he can get out of it. He does not pretend to be an educator, a reformer or philanthropist. He cannot be blamed if he makes long term contracts for the prisoners' labor at from twenty-five to eighty cents a day—at the penitentiary at Fort Madison twenty-five and sixty cents per day—nor can he be blamed if he receives as much control over the prisoners as possible; that is his end of the bargain.

The blame should primarily be lodged against the state. It is fundamentally wrong for a state to exploit prisoners for profit. It is not only wrong but foolish when this exploitation is delegated to some private corporation. If any one is to receive a profit it should be the state. If a profit can be made by a corporation it can be made by the state under efficient management. When the state assumes control over an individual it is responsible for his physical well-being and his social and moral welfare, but no one pretends that a contractor is concerned in any way with the social, moral or physical welfare of the prisoner. With the state, the primary object in view should be the protection of society and the reformation of the individual; with the contractor the primary object is and always will be the maximum amount of dividends, and it is no answer to say that the Thirteenth Amendment to the federal constitution of the United States, in which it is provided that "Neither slavery nor in-

voluntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States, or any place subject to their jurisdiction" at least indirectly recognizes that each state may impose a form of slavery upon its convicts.

The contract system is the worst form of slavery because it is a delegated form of slavery. Authority and responsibility should go hand in hand but this cannot be with the contract system. The Outlook, May 4, 1912, editorially in describing the difference between the contract labor system and slavery as it formerly existed, states: "There is, however, this important difference between the contractor's relation to the convict and that of a master to his servant. The master owns his slave and hence has a selfish interest in his life, health and efficiency. The contractor does not own the convict, and hence has no selfish interest in his physical well-being. If the convict dies, it costs the contractor nothing, and there are plenty more to take his place. Is it any wonder that a leading prison contractor once exclaimed, 'This beats having slaves all hollow!' Yes, this modern survival of slavery has a great advantage, from the dollars and cents point of view, over the old form."

"The God given right to labor should not be denied permanently or for any considerable period to any human being. Numberless instances could be given of the evil effects of enforced idleness and of solitary confinement. Under an act of 1821, following an experiment in Pennsylvania, New York adopted a scheme of grading, which proposed three classes. The most dangerous and impenitent com-

posed the first class, which was doomed to constant confinement in solitary cells with no companion but their own thoughts and, if the keeper saw fit, a Bible. The second class, to be the less incorrigible, should alternate between solitary confinement and labor as a recreation. The third, being the most hopeful, were to work in association by day and to be in seclusion by night. The first class were separated from the others on Christmas, 1821, and consisted of eighty-three of the most hardened prisoners who were committed to silence and solitude. In less than a year five of the eighty-three had died, one became an idiot, another when his door was opened dashed himself from the gallery, and the rest with haggard looks and despairing voices begged to be set to work."

A prison warden of one of the eastern institutions who has held his present position for over twenty-five years, told the attorney general of Iowa that he could distinguish a prisoner who had formerly served time in the Pennsylvania penitentiary by the looks and actions of the prisoner without any other evidence. This experience, however, is not confined to our own country.

Mr. Bailie-Cochrane says: "The officers at the Dartmoor prison inform me that the prisoners who arrive there even after one year's confinement at Pentonville, may be distinguished from the others by their miserable downcast look. In most instances the brain is affected, and they are unable to give satisfactory replies to the simplest questions."

"The evils of solitary confinement and enforced idleness as described by prison officials are clearly recognized by the greatest psychologists and phil-

osophers. Herbert Spencer in his unusually able and prophetic essay on "Prison Ethics" after condemning the solitary system said: "Our own objection to such methods, however, has always been, that their effect on the moral nature is the very reverse of that required. Crime is anti-social—is prompted by self-regarding feelings, and checked by social feelings. The natural prompter of right conduct to others, and the natural opponent of misconduct to others, is sympathy; for out of sympathy grow both the kindly emotions, and that sentiment of justice which restrains us from aggressions. Well, this sympathy, which makes society possible, is cultivated by social intercourse. By habitual participation in the pleasures of others, the faculty is strengthened; and whatever prevents this participation, weakens it—an effect commonly illustrated in the selfishness of old bachelors. Hence, therefore, we contend that shutting up prisoners within themselves, or forbidding all interchange of feeling, inevitably deadens such sympathies as they have; and so tends rather to diminish than to increase the moral check to transgression. This a priori conviction, which we have long entertained, we now find confirmed by facts. Captain Maconcochie states as a result of observation, that a long course of separation so fosters the self-regarding desires, and so weakens the sympathies, as to make even well-disposed men very unfit to bear the little trials of domestic life on their return to their homes. Thus there is good reason to think that, while silence and solitude may cow the spirit or undermine the energies, it cannot produce true reformation."

This is precisely in accordance with the conclu-

sions of the late Professor William James of Harvard set forth in his psychology on page 179 in which he speaks of the effect of depriving a human being of his social relation with his fellow man, and says:

"No more fiendish punishment could be devised, were such a thing physically possible, than that one should be turned loose in society and remain absolutely unnoticed by all the members thereof. If no one turned around when we entered, answered when we spoke, or minded what we did, but if every person we met 'cut us dead,' and acted as if we were non-existing things, a kind of rage and impotent despair would ere long well up in us, from which the cruellest bodily tortures would be relief; for these would make us feel that, however bad might be our plight, we had not sunk to such a depth as to be unworthy of attention at all."

Emphasis has been placed upon the evil effect of both the solitary confinement and enforced idleness because it even now forms so large a part of our penal system. Especially is this true with the punishment meted out to misdemeanants. The state in eliminating one evil should not cause a still greater evil. There is conclusive evidence, however, that a substitute or substitutes for contract labor can be found which is superior from every view point to that of contract labor. In other words, we believe that contract labor can be entirely abolished from our penal institutions and that our institutions can be so managed that every person confined may be profitably employed at productive labor during every working day, and we believe that there is something radically wrong in any institution where any con-

siderable number of able bodied men are in idleness or where any individual capable of labor is kept in idleness for any considerable period of time.

Enforced idleness is not only a crime against the prisoner and his family, but it is economic idiocy, and this is true whether the idleness is a part of our system of punishment of felons or misdemeanants; in other words, whether it is a part of the penitentiary system or a part of the jail system, except where the jail is used merely as a place of detention.

Prof. Charles R. Henderson of Chicago, United States commissioner of International Prison Commission, says in his introduction to Outdoor Labor for Convicts: "The whole question of occupation of convicts is connected with that of the reform of our jail system, which, by the unanimous consent of all competent students is the most vicious and corrupt agency connected with our penal system. The essential evil of the ordinary county jail does not lie merely in its unsanitary condition, bad as that often is, for this can be corrected by health authorities. The worst of the jail method is that it involves idleness and base companionship. It is idleness which corrupts young men, especially when the unoccupied time is spent with depraved company. There is a large class of low-bred, degenerate, alcoholic rounders who are now required to serve short sentences for drunkenness or disorder and who are made worse by the treatment given them under present laws."

The fee system connected with our jail system is absolutely indefensible and should be abolished by the next general assembly.

Mr. Paul U. Kellogg, in reporting the proceedings of the International Prison Congress at Washington, in the Survey of November 5, 1910, in speaking of this question states that the imprisonment of all persons awaiting trial and those under sentence for minor offenses has been left in the hands of counties and states, and says: "The fees to be gained by their arrest, detention, feeding and incarceration during the period of sentence, have made the sheriff's office the center of county politics and in some localities, a more lucrative post than that of president of the United States."

A system whereby a sheriff has a distinct, personal, financial gain in the arrest and confinement of prisoners, and no interest whatsoever in their reformation is vicious and capable of no defense.

That being true, we agree with Prof. Chas. R. Henderson that mere "petty tinkering with the present methods is absurd and is a waste of time, money and manhood," and that "this evil cannot be corrected so long as the ordinary place for serving short sentences is a county institute. The jail should be reserved simply for prisoners presumably innocent, but held for trial. A convicted person should at once be sent to a district prison of some kind and placed under state control until he is restored to freedom."

And we also agree with Sir Evelyn Ruggles Brise that "America cannot help Europe solve the problem of dealing with misdemeanants until we recognize that the petty offender is as much a matter for state concern and control as the man under long and indeterminate sentence."

Abundance of evidence from our own state which

is within the possession and knowledge of this committee makes it absolutely imperative that we should entirely eliminate the county jail in so far as it is used as a place of confinement or punishment of a person convicted of crime, and that in all such instances the offender should, in the event that he has violated a state law and sentenced to confinement, be sent to some district penal institution under the absolute jurisdiction and control of the state

Hugh C. Weir in the World To-day for January, 1910, states that a man was sentenced to the Philadelphia city prison 201 times for the same offense.

The records of the Detroit House of Correction show one man to have been committed 112 times; another, 59 times; another, 58 times; another, 57; another, 40; and so on down.

We are informed by police officers in the city of Des Moines that Polk county has one citizen who has been sentenced on an average of from five to ten times a year during the past fifteen years; and one year this individual was committed to the city or county jail seventeen times. It goes without saying that any law under which it is possible for a man to serve seventeen sentences in a year, and an average of from five to ten every year, and from 100 to 200 in a life time is both archaic and vicious.

The amount of money annually spent in punishing intoxication and inebriety and the resultant evils inflicted upon the offenders' families by reason of the present foolish and vicious form of punishment is far greater than the public generally realizes.

The statistics of one writer show that one-half of all the arrests in a dozen of the largest cities of the

United States during the year 1909 were for intoxication, and he states that during that year there were approximately 786,000 arrests in the country, and that over 350,000 of these were for drunken men. During the same year the report for England shows that of 90,000 persons who were committed to prison in default of payment of fines, over half were convicted of drunkenness.

Reports from every county in the state of Iowa, and special investigations which have been made by one of the members of this committee in some of the larger cities, show that the ratio of arrests for intoxication as to the whole number of arrests is about the same in Iowa as the reports for the United States and for England, that is to say, our report shows that the arrests in Iowa for intoxication average from 46 to 52 per cent of the total number for arrests, and in some communities arrests for intoxication are 60 to 65 per cent of the total number of arrests.

Jane Addams and Katherine Bement Davis, Superintendent of the New York State Reformatory for Women, have taught us that the scarlet letter may be removed, that the women of the street convicted of immorality are worth saving, and that it is possible to save them.

Summing up the evils of the jail system now existing in Iowa, we cannot do better than to adopt the language of the commissioners appointed by ex-president Roosevelt to investigate the jail system in the District of Columbia. They say:

"The evils of such a state of things are too obvious to call for or even justify extended comment. That men and women should be sent to

these narrow and crowded cells, the innocent with the guilty, the first-offender with the hardened criminal, in one promiscuous assembly, to corrupt and be corrupted by each other, the lazy to be humored and fostered in their laziness, the industrious to be deprived of every form of employment, to be fed like beasts and maintained at the public charge, not only with no prospect of improvement in their condition, but with the moral certainty that they will come out far worse than they went in, is a fact that has become a stench in the nostrils of the whole community and ought to be felt as a shame and disgrace to the whole nation, whose representatives are responsible for its existence."

Senate Document 648, p. 8.

In view of these conditions and the general defects in our penal system previously referred to, the question confronting our state is whether we will continue to cling to a false economy and blindly follow precedent in our method of dealing with the large number of persons annually convicted of crime, or whether we will have the larger vision and adopt a plan both humane and scientific, in consonance with the heart, the character and the culture of our people.

Warden Wolfer of the Minnesota Penitentiary, at Stillwater, writes: "Our annual manufacturing capacity is now approximately eighteen million pounds of binder twine. Our mills were operated at full capacity as usual during the past two years. Our financial statements show that we could now pay back into the state a revolving fund to carry

on the business, and still have left a net clear profit of $1,570,992."

The United States commissioner of labor reports that there has been a saving to the farmers of three cents a pound on binder twine, which saving in view of the amount manufactured and sold to the farmers of Minnesota amounts to $5,081,190.

"I also call attention to the farm machinery plant; after taking a careful, conservative inventory of our assets, we show under the head of profit and loss, a developing expense of $42,057.42."

"In my opinion the farm is the solution of the labor proposition in the employment of convicts. It is out in the open, gives recreation and the work is varied. You can always find something to do for most any prisoner on the farm whether he be weak or strong. Our farm contains 7,000 acres, is divided into two camps or stations and each is well equipped with dwellings for supervisors and guards, good cell houses and splendid hospitals. We have a large brick plant on the grounds, but it is not being operated now. Of course when we operate this, our population will average about two-hundred. There seems to be nothing that would especially distinguish it from other prison management, except possibly the farm feature, which has been a part of our work for about twenty years. However, I have observed recently that prison management generally are turning to the farm for employment of prisoners and no doubt will find it wholesome occupation and profitable to prisoner as well as to the management."

Governor George W. Donaghey of Arkansas, referring to the success of the state penal farm in

his message to the legislature in 1911, said: "We have on the state farm 2,700 acres of open land. When we took charge of the penitentiary two years ago, and before we could make a move to earn anything for its maintenance, we found it was in debt in the sum of about $130,000. $99,000 was appropriated by the legislature out of the general revenue fund for the payment in part of that debt. The balance remaining unpaid was left to the board to work out. The first year, 1909, we bought supplies on credit, paying what our creditors chose to charge us, and we not only paid the debt to which we fell heir, but made enough money over and above all expenses to pay $30,000 of the state's farm debt, and turned back into the general revenue fund $50,000. For the past year we will do equally as well if not better. The greater part of this money was earned on the state's farm." Governor Donaghey states that less than one-third of the convicts were used upon the state farm.

The state of Louisiana has purchased for its penal institutions fifteen thousand acres of land at a cost of $409,000, there being six separate penal farms ranging from 400 to 800 acres in each farm. The recent report for the calendar year ending 1911 shows that they have constructed on one of the farms a sugar refinery at a cost of nearly $420,000, "all of which has been paid for out of the earnings of the penitentiary during the fiscal period, except $170,671.00."

During the year 1911 the report shows an excess of receipts over current expenses, $149,308.18. A large number of the most able-bodied men are worked on levees, and not on the farm. For 1912 the

report shows they will have 2,460 acres of corn and 3,160 acres of cane, besides the other miscellaneous crops and vegetables sufficient for their own use and also for sale.

Mr. Frank A. Fetter, in the Survey for February 4, 1911, referring to the Witzwil farm, Berne, Switzerland, which contains 2,000 acres, states:

"This farming enterprise in which most of the work is done by prisoners has proved to be a good investment for the canton. There has been expended by the canton, all told, for land $200,000, for building material, $100,000, and other cash advances (net, after deducting the so-called rent paid to the canton), $50,000, a total of $350,000. The present worth of the whole plant (land, buildings, stock, cash fund) is at a low estimate $550,000, an average gain for the time the institution has been in full operation of over $13,000 a year. While the care of the 200 (sometimes over 250) prisoners is without cost to the public, the actual outlay on new buildings and equipment has amounted to a good return on the investment in grounds and buildings. Yet this has been done without the lease or the contract systems of labor, and with no injurious competition with, or protests from, free labor. Within the last year the land has at length been brought fairly under cultivation, so that it would seem that the results in the future would be still more favorable."

Director Kellerhals in his report states that the open air employment has a peculiar value both upon the health and the reformation of the individual. He states that much of the work done in closed prisons is of no value to the prisoner upon

his return to society, but that "The conditions are quite otherwise in an 'establishment in the open air,' as Dr. Goos of Copenhagen, calls ours. Not only can a debilitated young man recuperate better and much more rapidly than in the unhealthy atmosphere of the workshop, but he can there acquire in less time the practical knowledge which is demanded of a well-paid workman. Agricultural establishments are especially helpful to those prisoners who, after having undergone a long sentence, approach the end of their term."

The reason given for this is because of the mechanical routine of the ordinary prison. He therefore states: "We cannot do better than to re-awaken this interest in them and prepare them for the struggle for existence which awaits them, than to make them pass the last period of their imprisonment in a penal agricultural colony. Agricultural work more than any other occupation makes it possible to keep an eye on lazy men. They are placed in a work group and they must keep up with their comrades. That is why the agricultural colonies are a horror to vagabonds and notorious sluggards, while the good workers find themselves relatively happy there."

EXCERPTS FROM CHICAGO'S VICE COMMISSION REPORT.

"The first truth that the commission desires to impress upon the citizens of Chicago is the fact that prostitution in this city is a commercialized business of large proportions, with tremendous profits of more than $15,000,000 per year, controlled largely by men, not women. Separate the male exploiter from the problem, and we minimize its extent and abate its flagrant outward expression.

"In juxtaposition with this group of professional male exploiters stand ostensibly respectable citizens, both men and women, who are openly renting and leasing property for exorbitant sums, and thus sharing, thru immorality of investments, the profits from this business, a business which demands a supply of 5,000 souls from year to year to satisfy the lust and greed of men in this city alone."

"First offenders, especially, instead of being fined or imprisoned, should be placed on probation under the care of intelligent and sympathetic women officially connected with the court. Old and hardened offenders should be sent to an industrial farm with hospital accommodations on an indeterminate sentence. Obviously, it is necessary that some such measures of almost drastic control should obtain if such women are to be permanently helped and society served."

There is a protected and flourishing "vice trust" robbing the people yearly of $60,000,000, destroy-

ing the souls and bodies of five thousand girls, and spreading disease, debauchery and degeneracy throughout every corner of the city. The systematized official graft from this curse of Christendom amounts, at the lowest conservative estimate of the leading daily press of Chicago, to nearly $700,000 every year.

A code of "regulations" boldly adopted by the police department, with the sanction of the mayor and his party backers, deliberately setting aside both state laws and city ordinances on this great evil, and sustaining a system of so-called "segregated" vice, the chief purpose of which appears to be the maintenance of graft and the perpetuation of the "white slave" traffic.

An organized influence of vice and drink so powerful as to dictate instant rejection by the political leaders and officials of the carefully outlined proposals for the total suppression of the social evil, presented by the Vice Commission.

The Chicago grand jury probe, July 19, 1909, discovered that:

1. A network of vice protection extends over nearly all of Chicago.

2. Tribute is paid by nearly every denizen of the "underworld," and an elaborate system of collecting this money is in vogue.

3. An elaborate "vice trust" exists on the West Side, and thru this "trust" tribute is levied upon the resort-keepers.

4. The heads of this "vice trust" are wealthy saloonkeepers and ward politicians.

5. The "vice trust" wields so strong a power that witnesses are afraid to testify against any of its members.

"How can these unfortunate women be helped and saved to society? Some well-meaning persons declare that they should be left to their fate; that they are criminals, and should be treated as such. The commission does not feel that this is an answer to the problem. They are human beings still, stumbling for a time in the depths of sin and shame, but notwithstanding how low they have sunken in the social scale, they can be rescued if by some method they can be made to feel the touch of divine sympathy and human love.

"No doubt, during the coming months many of these women, now in houses, and in the streets, and in the saloons, will be cut loose from their surroundings by the effective operation of the law. Some wise provision must be made to help them. To put them in prison, with no provision for their spiritual or physical needs, would only tend to degrade them still lower and send them back to a life of shame in some other community in a worse condition than they were before.

WHERE CRIME IS A PROFESSION.

By Abraham H. Sarasohn.

Eminent Criminal Lawyer of New York.

The criminal law has proved inefficient to cope with the growing element of law-breakers. Notwithstanding popular notions, the professional criminals of our large cities are seldom caught, and if caught are rarely punished. Their safety from detection and apprehension is due to an inefficient police system, while their relative security from punishment even when arrested is founded upon an archaic and utterly deficient machinery of criminal law procedure.

As a result of this situation crime has become a paying profession. There are in New York city, and, by parity of causative reasoning, in every one of our cities of first rate size as well, thousands of persons who earn a comfortable and in many cases luxurious living by following a criminal career year in and year out.

The entire success and prosperity of the criminal classes depend upon their ability to keep immune from interference or arrest by the police, and to escape punishment when arrested. In our large cities the criminal classes are notoriously successful in escaping punishment even when arrested, through the many loopholes and defects of our antiquated criminal law procedure.

Such an alarmingly small percentage of professional criminals caught in the toils of the law is

convicted and punished that the average criminal feels perfectly safe and secure from conviction. The chances of a lawbreaker suffering punishment by conviction are not much greater than the hazard the average workingman takes of suffering personal injury in his trade. To this amazingly slight ratio of risk such criminal statistics as are available bear eloquent testimony.

Few crimes are committed overtly. To hide itself is of the nature of crime, which precludes the idea of any records or statistics of crimes committed. Of course there are records of crimes reported to the police authorities, but these represent only a portion of those actually committed.

But even the records of reported crimes are not accessible to the public. The secretiveness of the metropolitan police in this matter has recently been the subject of severe and deserved criticism. The public is kept unaware of the percential proportion of arrests to the number of reported crimes.

Following the rumored "crime wave" in the early part of last year the grand jury of New York county made an extensive investigation, and its presentment filed May 17, 1911, contains some figures from which a rough estimate may be formed of the percentage of arrests for reported crimes in New York alone. This presentment shows that in the year of 1910 there were 10,288 complaints for burglary and attempted burglary, and 14,091 complaints for larceny. This number, however, is exclusive of the complaints made at the police station houses, which the grand jury found were 711 for the period between February 27 and April 4, 1911, or

approximately twenty complaints a day, or 7,300 during the year.

Adding these 7,300 station house complaints to the crimes reported at police headquarters, and to the cases where arrests were made without any previous report we find that during the year 1910 there were 32,679 reported cases of burglary and larceny, and during the same year only 3,501 arrests for those offenses, showing that in less than 11 per cent of reported cases of burglary and larceny, arrests are made. When we examine the printed report of the police commissioner of New York county we find a still more alarming state of affairs as regards the small percentage of persons arrested for serious offenses that are convicted and punished.

The report of the police commissioner of the city of New York which covers the year ended December 31, 1910, shows that during that year 20,377 persons were arrested within the greater city for felony, but the convictions for felony during the same year were 5,678. During the preceding year there were 24,192 arrests for felony, with but 5,321 convictions, and during the year 1908 there were 25,209 arrests, with 6,099 convictions.

On the strength of this showing only one out of every four persons arrested for felony in the greater city is convicted, which does not necessarily mean punished, since 10 per cent of those convicted escape punishment by appeal.

A PRISON LYCEUM.

Some Attractions That Have Appeared on the Fort Madison Course Up to June 15, 1912.

Mrs. Florence Maybrick, Lecturer; Dr. Henry Clark, two lectures; Ned Woodman, Cartoonist; Rogers & Grilley, Humorist and Harpist; Schildkret's Royal Hungarian Orchestra; Chas. H. Plattenburg, Lecturer; Robert Parker Miles, Lecturer; Dunbar Quartet and Bell Ringers; Enderle-Wilson Concert Company; Sylvester A. Long, Lecturer; Keokuk Concert Company, two engagements; Skovgaard Concert Company; Ellsworth Plumstead, Characterist; Maud Ballington Booth, Lecturer; Fred High, Entertainer; Caveny Concert Company; Edmund Vance Cook, Recital; Strickland W. Gillilan, Humorist; Thomas McClary, two lectures; Dr. H. W. Sears, The "Taffy" Lecturer; McCormick & Bronte; William Sterling Battis, Life Portrayals; John B. Ratto, Impersonator; Joseffy, Necromancer; Slayton Jubilee Singers; Mauer Sisters' Concert Company; Edwin Weeks Concert Company, two engagements; Prof. E. Green, Lecture-Recital; Prof. Alonzo Zwickey, Cartoonist; The Spaffords, Cartoonists; Capt. Jack Crawford, The Poet-Scout; Germain, Magician; Roney Boys Concert Company; Burlington Ladies Concert Company.

THE HONOR SYSTEM.

By Oswald West, Governor of Oregon.

Oregon had all the vices in its prison system that any other prison boasted. It had the "water-cure" with its ingeniously horrible contrivance for torturing a recalcitrant convict into submission. In the bath-room of the same prison one may still see the iron rings for tricing up men to be flogged or tortured (to death in some cases) by the hose—grim reminders that ten years ago was as 200 years ago in man's treatment of his wards.

Oregon had, up within the past few years, considered its convicts in the same light as had most of the rest of the world—as dangerous individuals, to be punished, not reformed, and from whom the State was to be protected at all odds. To regard them as men was as foreign to the keepers of Oregon's prisoners as to those of Old Ludlow.

Today you can take a trip over almost any road out of Salem and pass convicts at work without being able to tell them from the ordinary industrious farm-hand to be met with in any country-side.

There is no "prison look" about them. The hang-dog shift is lacking from their eyes. There is a healthy tan on their faces. The feeling of satisfaction that comes from a hard day's work out-of-doors is noticeable. The cleverest forger, the most accomplished safe-cracker, the most daring of porch climbers seem to have the unhealthy lure of their crafts driven out of them. There is no room for

crime thoughts when there's a day's work to be done in the country sunlight, with the knowledge that they are as free from suspicion and surveillance as the rich farmer, who is working his own fields across the road.

They may be road building—the roads of Marion County are a grateful evidence of their employment in that capacity—they may be plowing, milking, doing any of the jobs that a farm has to offer, perhaps they drive back to the penitentiary at night with their own team or perhaps, as is the case with many, who are working some distance from the prison, they camp out or are given quarters in a house or a barn. No one has been found who has complained of the quality of their work. For it seems that the energy it takes to make a truly "successful" criminal, if turned into other channels, is pretty apt to make a most excellent workman.

There's little, if any, inclination on the part of the people living in and about Salem to resent the liberty given the convicts. One man complained that he thought a road gang at work near his home formed an unwarranted menace to his property and safety. The gang was withdrawn, but all of that man's neighbors and their wives got together and gave the convicts a dinner.

It was held in a grove near Sublimity, where the men had been working. The Governor and other State officials were invited. The farmers sat at the big table under the trees with the convicts. The women of the neighborhood club waited on the table and saw that everybody had enough to eat. And when the tables had been cleared away there were speeches in which the hosts thanked their

guests for the work they had done in behalf of good roads, and the guests thanked their hosts for an entertainment that demonstrated the days of treating convicts as dangerous beasts had passed away. It was probably one of the most remarkable dinner parties Oregon ever saw. One of the two convicts who spoke at this dinner said: "Under a system like this, where we are treated as men, the best we can do is scarcely sufficient. Under compulsion, and guarded by cold steel and heartless men, the least we can do is good enough. We appreciate this dinner which the ladies have given us. We feel that under such a system as the present one that incarceration is a help and not a hindrance in getting us re-established as beneficial members of society."

It is this idea of treating the convicts as men who have made a mistake and who are to be taught better, that seems to be the keynote of the unusual success the "Honor System" has attained thus far. The men are watched as they enter the penitentiary, their conduct, anxiety to work, willingness to obey rules, are all taken into consideration. The bank wrecker and the footpad enter on exactly the same ground. But once a regular inmate of the institution, the convict naturally drifts into his own class. The really vicious, so far as close scrutiny on the part of the prison officials reveals, are a small minority. Many of the new men are indifferent. Most of the so-called "repeaters"—convicts who are serving their second or third term in a state's prison—are regarded with suspicion, and yet some of the best men that are now out on the "honor gangs," trusted absolutely with their own liberty and in

some instances, with the property and lives of others, are "repeaters."

The penitentiary boasts a baseball team that, if it were out in the world, would make many professionals seek the seclusion of the "brush leagues." On it are men who have played the game to the resultant glory of their colleges, as well as others who never threw a baseball outside an alley but who have developed into players of unusual skill. The contests of a Saturday afternoon, on the brick-enclosed, Winchester-guarded diamond, with 400 or more wildly enthusiastic fans recently divorced from striped suits, to cheer them on, are curious but inspiring. Love of sport, love of work, belief in one another—unlooked for flowers in a grim prison garden.

There are other ways of occupying the convict's mind. There is the library common to many prisons. The readers are mostly men who are mentally or physically unfitted for work. The proportion of those who, of their own accord, would sit in the library reading in preference to performing the hardest kind of manual labor out-of-doors is extremely small. The recently-completed chapel serves as a theatre several times a month—in it are held concerts, lectures, and—most modern of the outside world's attractions—moving pictures.

And so in work, sport and play, the boys and men of the Oregon penitentiary are forgetting earlier lessons in law-breaking and learning fresh ones in citizenship. No man is turned out with the feeling that he is to become the prey of the first detective or deputy sheriff who hears of his release, a convenient scape-goat upon whom to fasten a fresh

offense. He is made to feel that the friends he made while at Salem are to be relied upon from first to last. He has acquired a trade, or at least he has "got his hand in" at working again, so that he need not fear the necessity of going back to law-breaking to gain a living that the world owes him.

The old system of turning away a convict upon the expiration of his term with five dollars and a suit of prison clothes is a thing of the past, too, and for this "Honor System" can also claim the largest share of the responsibility. The State does not consider that the proceeds of a convict's labor belong to it entirely—it shares them with him. For the work that is done about the State institutions he is paid twenty-five cents a day. This money is saved and he is given the cash upon his release from the penitentiary. Those working in the stove factory are allowed a percentage of their earnings, while the men in the brick yards, through their willingness to work longer hours, are each earning about forty cents a day and have greatly increased the revenue of the State.

Those brick-yards have been a part of the prison for some time. The convicts employed there had been turning out about 16,000 bricks a day. The prisoners were told that the State was willing to divide the profits of any brick in excess of that number with the men in the yards.

They accepted this proposition and the next week the number of bricks turned out averaged over 20,000. From then on it has been between 20,000 and 23,000 daily. It meant money for the convicts and it meant money for the State. It was a simple and effective method of increasing efficiency in the brickyards.

The results would seem to justify my belief that three-fourths of the men who are sent to the penitentiary are not criminals at heart, are really not any worse offenders than thousands who through some turn of fortune's wheel, escape the stigma of a penitentiary term.

People say that I am sensational in my dealings. That may be true—but I find their cases are sensational. To me it is sensational to know that there are men in the penitentiary who do not belong there, whose presence there may mean either that they are shown the right road or the wrong—largely as we deal with them. Here's a young fellow who has perhaps got in a little trouble through drink. I find most of these cases result from whiskey. He's been railroaded to the penitentiary. It is at this point that he needs a helping hand. He is ashamed to write to his family to let them know his plight. He is in constant association with hardened characters—there are always a certain number of them in a large prison. I have been, and I propose to continue, letting such a boy out to work on parole. I don't believe that is sentimentalism. I think it is good sense.

The practical proof of the "Honor System" at the Oregon penitentiary, of course, lies in whether it works or not. If it did not work it might be interesting sentimentally, but scarcely desirable from a practicable point of view. But it does work. In the two years just preceding the adoption of the system —in the years 1909-1910—about thirty men escaped from the prison. Some were killed, some captured, some are still at large. Since the "Honor System" went into effect three men have broken their pledges

and, taking advantage of the lack of guards, escaped. One has since been recaptured. This, in spite of the fact that the system was tried out through the long summer months, when the wanderlust, if ever, is at its strongest, when the temptation to break that imaginary shackle called Honor is greatest, when it is easiest to follow the trail through the woods and over the hills, to sleep out-of-doors under the firs, and to gather what food one needs to sustain life until he is out of the danger zone.

In conclusion let me say that I believe in the prisoners. They are savable. I believe in plenty of wholesome, cheerful and useful labor. I believe that Jesus Christ and John Howard and Abraham Lincoln were full of gentle sympathy and stern justice, and did all they could to help the unfortunate. I want to emulate them.

A PLEA.

Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, the eminent Jewish Rabbi, in pleading for the victims of the white slave traffic said: "I plead with the city not to lend official connivance but to break up this form of vice slavery which is not reproduced in the mines of Siberia. Away with the segregated district and then we may be able to help some of these victims of this terrible vice.

"A segregated vice district is a constant temptation for the police to corrupt themselves and to be corrupted. For the sake of the police, if for no other reason, I say away with the segregated district."

A PRISON LYCEUM.

By James Gordon Stell.

Iowa has attained a new distinction. In a field heretofore deemed unworthy of development, Iowa has worked out results that have placed its name far in the van of states which in the past were acknowledged leaders in penal matters. This new honor has come through the intelligent, practical reforms introduced into the Iowa penitentiary by Warden J. C. Sanders.

Without question the greatest good, accomplished by any one change made for the betterment of state wards confined in the Fort Madison institution, has come from the introduction of an entirely new form of educational entertainment. Formerly it was the custom to secure the low priced vaudeville troupe, and thus keep the amusement expense within the stipulated amount set aside for that purpose. This appropriation, however, being but $25 for each holiday, could not command even the best of the poorest, and consequently the "comedy team" was doomed to grace the penitentiary's stage no more by the news of a reform order which spread among the state wards with unbelievable rapidity. This order was to the effect that, if sufficient funds could be raised, a lyecum course of high class, refined entertainments would be arranged and given. The announcement made an instantaneous hit, its popularity being manifested by numerous offers of state wards to subscribe to the fund. This was encour-

agement of the right kind and when one of the wards passed along the flag and gallery cells with a subscription blank, the men in cells displayed an individual pride and anxious eagerness to sign their names and set down opposite, the amount each wished to donate. When the list was finally computed it was learned that the sum was more than enough to pay for a full lyceum course of the first class. And this desire to give toward the fund was evident among the guards and friends who placed their gifts without being requested to do so.

As all important events, which occur behind iron bars and stone walls, leak out and become public property through different channels, so did the news of a "Lyceum course in prison" reach the alert news writers of the state, who gave the fact much publicity. Able journalists took up the subject with much vigor. It was something new and catchy. Pro and con it was debated and both sides indulged in a slugfest of words without awaiting details or results. Warden Sanders heeded not the anti or enthusiast. After an extended correspondence and carefully weighing, measuring and balancing the merit of several organizations, contracts were signed and the first number announced to a chorus of applause that must have echoed its gratitude to heaven. It was a new "door of light" opened to the sin-blinded, and even the "long-timers" and gray haired life men voiced their appreciation by smiles and nodding heads. Mrs. Florence Maybrick, whose voice has touched the responsive sympathetic note in countless American audiences, was the first number and it was a huge success in every way. Her lecture, "The Story of My Life," unfolded her experiences of twelve years' imprisonment in an Eng-

lish penal institution and her recital elicited the closest attention. During this number which was given in the penitentiary's chapel, the state wards exhibited no sign of misbehavior or ungentlemanly conduct. As was expected the conduct of the inmates was scanned closely at this first entertainment, but no breach of discipline occurred and their faultless conduct was commented upon freely and approved even by those who had doubted the wisdom of the plan.

There are three remarkable facts revealed in this new field of uplift; first, the initiative, foresight and business ability necessary to build, with no precedent, a new institution of human endeavor to "make a man understand himself" by examples placed within his sight; second, the spirit of the state wards to give financial assistance to help themselves out of the rut of mental darkness; and, third, the result. It can be stated with no fear for questioning that this entertainment feature is by far the greatest educational and uplifting reform that has as yet been tried. Every number has, for a fundamental keynote, an appeal which thrills the hearer and leaves some principle of Christ's teachings indelibly impressed on the hearer.

One prisoner said: "I had to come to the penitentiary to know the value of the lyceum course." And many of the state wards confess they had never viewed a lyceum number before entering this institution. Since the beginning of these entertainments there has been a marked improvement in the mental and moral tone of the wards—evidence undisputable that the future of these now wall bound men shall be better and truer in the full sense of honest endeavor to "live within the law." Iowa may well be

proud of the new distinction. The first lyceum course is a wonderful step forward in penal progress and toward the prevention and cure for crime.

"From the opening number, the Iowa Penitentiary has slowly yet surely, changed, transformed. The gloomy, sullen face is seen no more. Cheerful, contented smiles are now evident on every face; the short, jerked-out growls are gone—pleasant, courteous replies are given to every order, slouchy, unkept appearances have passed away, and clean gentlemanly manners are the present mode; the men march erect and soldierly instead of shuffling along with averted, downcast eyes; the general conduct as shown by the monthly reports, has improved until there is a minimum of infractions; the discipline was never administered as fairly, as humanely as at present; and it is through the messages taught by the entertainments embraced in the lyceum courses that these changes have been brought about. Every number has opened some new door of hope, some new window to light, and the lessons learned have changed the life courses of many of the men. New ideals have been presented to eager seekers; new thoughts, and new truths and the influence has always been for the betterment of the hearers, and must effect a like result on the little folks who shall come to the homes of these now wall-bound men in after years.

"As every good seed must in time, if sown in fertile soil, make fruitful return, so should every intelligent person recognize the potency of the inspiring, uplifting mental and moral tone of clean, intellectual entertainments such as have been served by the lyceum entertainers who have appeared in the Iowa Penitentiary."

THE DEATH OF THE PRISON-POET.

The greatest responsibility that ever came into my hands was placed there on August 20th, when I received a letter from James Gorden Stell, the Prison Poet of Fort Madison, Iowa, who a few days after he had penned this letter was a corpse in that same prison where he had served the State for four long years, and let us hope that he served humanity while he served the state, for his insight into those forms of grief, remorse, suspicion, fears, hopes, joys, dreams and despairs that are known only to the man behind the bars will serve to awaken a new interest in those Prison Problems that are everywhere calling for a new solution.

Here is the letter that made me sit up nights: Read it.

"Dear Mr. High:

"Don't write 'finis' to your 'editorial introductory' to 'Prison Problems' until after coming here and seeing me. If I am sunk in here for good, as indications and observations appear, I want to make this book do a lasting good. Evidence tends to show it is the real cause of my being detained and I am willing now to pay a price of years that I can look back and say, with satisfactory solace in elder times: 'It is well.'

"'Prison Problems' is too good to be wasted. Ideas like it do not come to men every day. Praise to men of now may prove a punch to men of tomorrow. We are Punch and Judys after all. But I want my 'stunt' to be worth the entry fee. Actors

only visualize. One 'ok'd' today is condemned tomorrow. Old Omar was a sensible warbler. But his song was not dictated. He sang the 'faded flower' uncaged. I am gloriously glad to lose my years of usefulness for a worthy cause if that must be the price. My sherbet is a sunset.

"Arrange to overnight here soon. Deduct expenses from book. Maybe we can arrange a settlement and I believe it is the only way out. The game is worth the candle. So come out."

But where did the triple tragedy come in? Well, the following is taken from a letter from Warden Sanders and it speaks for itself: "Replying to yours of the 29th will say that Stell stays out after Sunday school on Sunday afternoons to clean up the chapel. The photograph room is immediately east of the chapel. Stell broke into this room and got about a pint of what he thought was grain alcohol, but it was wood alcohol and denatured at that. He drank some himself and passed it around to several other prisoners. As a result three are dead, Stell, Dimmitt, the celebrated negro singer, and Louis Busse, a life man. Stell had relatives whom we advised of his death and they requested us to bury the body here as they did not want to come. Stell was born and raised in Cedar Falls and his right name was — — ——. His father and mother are both living in Minnesota."

That Stell felt himself slipping away was evidenced from the following letter which was received only a few weeks before his tragic exit from the stage of action. "Some days ago I forwarded to you a few subscribers (to Prison Problems), to help the work along. My limitations are so narrow that

I can do very little. In regard to the tenor of Mr. Russell's and Mr. Leavitt's articles, I would state that I believe anything they may state can do me no harm nor good. If my host of friends can do nothing, I see no reason to think anything can be done by pen. However, though conditions in regard to Iowa parole laws need harsh treatment, there is one man who has stood by me and whose name can only be justly mentioned with praise—Warden J. C. Sanders, my friend. I would ask you to observe that fact, because I would have nothing said or done that would in any way reflect discreditably to him or tend to injure his kindness toward me. Other than he, you have my approval to rip into vigorously, as I now feel I am doomed to do my full time.

"If there were any such thing as recognition in Iowa of worthy effort to 'be square' I should have been given a chance long ago. As it is the records prove that a large majority of the few paroles given are granted the worst characters among us. We have come to look upon the 'called and chosen' with disgust and contempt.

"I speak from the depths of my heart when I say, 'I would that Warden Sanders were in a position to measure out justice to me and all in my position in Iowa.' As you know, my case came up in April for action after several months of 'stalling.' I haven't a pen-scratch since then. Such delay fills the insane ward and you need not be surprised if I am among the future transferred. It is inevitable as I feel myself slipping mentally every day. Of course, I am fighting it, but each day brings some new fact of broken faith and unfairness that

cannot be forgotten. I have been here over four years—a greater crime than I committed to come here! One thing is certain, I have made my last effort to get out because I know it is useless."

Immediately after the sad tragedy that ended the life of the author of many of the poems in this volume of Prison Problems there was a whispered suggestion to drop the volume, but those poor weaklings who are either moral cowards, or mere opportunists seem unable to comprehend the fact that this volume was never undertaken to help an individual, it is to serve a cause. That cause is the lyceum, as a help in the moral uplift of the men behind the bars.

It is only fair to James Gordon Stell to relate that there are many who by letter and by conversation have vehemently urged that Stell and his companions either committed suicide, or the poison was not labeled, in which case it was criminal negligence, and not a case of suicide. They hint that his death was perhaps a greater tragedy than the world knows aught of.

But whether these are mere suspicions or are facts we have no way of knowing, for the secrets of all prisons are locked up and I have not the key to more than the outer entrance.

James Gordon Stell has finished his life work. Peace to his memory—may he, in a measure, serve humanity even as did the thief who gave up his life on the Cross, who little dreamt that when he spoke the comforting words to the crucified Christ that he had thereby brought a last ray of life and hope to millions of despairing men and women.

FOREWORD.

There be music-makers sitting in the sun,
Writing of their longings, of their love and fun:
But if night come on them, and the heavens fall,
Could they utter music, would they write at all?

We, the music-makers who have written here,
Know of heaven's fallen, and the hopeless tear;
Sit we in the darkness, singing of the light,
Singing as if sunshine glowed in halls of night.

JOHN NULL.*
JAMES GORDON STELL.†

Fort Madison, Iowa.

*Colored.
†Deceased.

DIVORCED—BY BARS.

The peopled din of Toyland thrilled
  With shoutings of a fight
Between a host forever killed,
  And baby's marshalled might.
Small crooner, he, of griefs and joys,
  When visioned Toyland warred;
Commander of the clashing toys,
  Their Spirit and their Lord.

A man of tin fought in the van,
  To many battles shoved,
And sheltered, like a dauntless man,
  A doll that baby loved;
Till on his mystic world of things
  Where life and death were one.
Where spools were either queens or kings,
  There beamed the setting sun.

Its rays slid through the open door,
  And, with a noiseless tread,
They stole across the littered floor,
  To touch the baby's head;
They kissed his chin, his lips, his face—
  Then baby ceased his play
And gazed toward that soundless space
  Where slips the end of day.

And while he gazed, shop-whistles blew,
  Then all the world was still,
And what did little baby do
  But babble with a will;

"Daa-da tum! Daa-da tum!"
The little one had learned
That stilling of the "shops 'at hum"
Meant that his "dad" returned.

Then there were sounds of passing feet
While workmen clattered by;
And baby's face was wistful sweet,
And wide each watching eye,
He looked beyond the open door,
His flower-face upturned,
His toys unnoticed on the floor,
The pet tin soldier spurned.

While baby watched, the world went still;
And baby's watch was vain,
His outward eager stare was crushed
By inward baby pain;
And baby, with a trembling lip,
Eyes wondering and wide,
Eyes with great baby tears adrip,
Ran to his mother's side.

"Oh, mamma, where is dada dear?
He used to tum you know,
An' now he never does tum here,
An' oh, I want him so!"
Then baby's eyes grew wider yet—
Those eyes of mist and blue—
He saw his mother's face tear-wet,
And whispered, "So does oo!"

The selfsame tender rays that beamed
Upon the babe at play

Shone in the place where men blasphemed
The spirit and the clay;
They called this place a prison—men
Who knew it none too well;
But they who knew it said, "the pen";
And they with feelings, "hell."

And there was one left well alone
By every man within
This place defined by walls of stone,
This bounded place of sin;
He lived as one who has no plan,
No dream of manhood's worth—
They said he hated God, and man,
Himself, and day, and earth.

They said (the wise ones in this place)
That he was dull and blind;
That his line-marked and scowling face
Betrayed a brutal mind;
Yet, in the sun's departing flame,
I saw his face aglow,
I heard his strangled voice exclaim:
"I want my baby so!"

BACKWARD TO PULSELESS CLAY.

Four times upon an iron gong
  The keeper swings with might;
Four times it cast a clanging song
  Of farewell to the night;
The echoes lingered, loud and long,
  Then came a flood of light;
And all the sleep-drowsed prison throng
  Saw rest and dreams take flight.

Then came the tread of heavy men
  And clang of bolt and key,
And bars crashed back, till each small pen
  On flag and gallery
Belched forth its thing and closed again—
  To hide what men might see—
The shameful hole for sleep—(and then,
  On to work's misery).

He heard the clanging morning call
  And watched, with wistful eye,
To see the men far down the hall,
  In grim files marching by.
He counted shadows on the wall,
  And dumbly wondered why
He was alone and had lost all—
  That he must die—must die.

His hours were haunted with weak fears,
  And when he tried to sleep
His dreams were nightmared by past years,
  And tortured shapes would creep

About his bed and taunt with sneers,
The thoughts that he would keep
Unread by men—his doubts, his tears,
His horror, hidden deep.

Always he looked toward the west,
Beyond the fast-barred door,
As if his soul was on some quest
Not found in crime's red lore;
Or yet, as if the dark cowled Guest
Were due to tread the floor
And lure his soul unto that rest
Where sin comes nevermore.

A noon-high sun; a curious throng;
A breathless, guarded, way;
And shuffling steps that pass along
To where the gallows sway;
And he who was condemned for wrong,
Whose life the debt must pay,
Went bravely, in his heart a song,
Backward to pulseless clay.

WEAKNESS.

How old one is, how great or wise,
Count not a whit if he have fears;
And still he sees from childish eyes
If they be blurred by passioned tears.

FRUSTRATION.

I am about
To turn a page; perhaps, or linger on a line
Of artful wit or jeweled thought that seems divine
When, by the Rule, but of no will or wish of mine—
"The Light goes out."

When man's about
To turn the page; when eager, straining eyes, would scan
The mystery of Life or Death, of God and Man,
I wonder if—according to a Power's plan—
"The Light goes out?"

ABOVE, BEYOND.

The sun-kissed walls reflect their borrowed light;
Beyond them is the world; above, the skies.
The sun-kissed walls are things of awful might—
I may but look Beyond, Above, with eyes
That fill with tears.

I know that the Beyond with sweet perfume
Is bathed; there man and nature, hand in hand
As comrades, work to bring forth bud and bloom,
And multiply the life of sea and land
Through countless years.

What once were wounds in Nature's troubled breast
Now fruitful are with fields of ripened grain

That seem to seek, in sleep, a noonday rest
Or wait for death—the reaper's might and main;
The doom that nears.

Above is that great deep of blue, cloud-draped
And filled with more to marvel at than man
Has builded with his bungling hands or shaped
In greatest dreams: There is God's mighty plan
Of suns and spheres.

Above, Beyond—all mine! Yet, I must linger where
The walls forbid the pathways that my feet
Would tread or my soul, in pathless air,
Would find and go to speak, glad, strong, complete,
To God's wise ears.

Debarred from what is mine—Beyond, Above!
God will that I may claim my own, may roam
On, on, away from walls and bars, till love
Has whispered to my soul: This is your home;
Have done with tears.

BRAVELY AND WELL.

Bring out your trophies from closet and chest
A sword, a gun, or a faded blue vest,
A moth-eaten blanket, a bullet-torn flag,
An old rusty buckle hid in a bag.
Then stand (if you can) and tell (as you may)
Of why tomorrow is Memorial Day.

Rebs to the left of us, Rebs to the right of us,
  Rebs to the front of us, shooting like hell!
None to the rear of us, God saw the fight of us,
  Helped us to battle them bravely and well.

Soldier, Gray soldier, you fought with despair;
  Where are the honors and glories you share?
What of the house that, divided, must fall?
  What of the Watcher that guarded you all?
What of the words and what can you say
  Of why tomorrow is Memorial Day?

Yanks to the left of us, Yanks to the right of us,
  Yanks to the front of us, shooting like hell!
Yanks to the rear of us, crushing the might of us,
  God helped us battle them bravely and well.

Soldiers, my soldiers, your battles are done!
  What, when the vanquished and victor are one?
What when the fields, once spattered with red,
  Now peaceful are with green o'er the dead?
To Man of the Gray, and Man of the Blue,
  This is your comfort—that you were true,
This be your glory—the Master will say—
  "Bravely and Well" on Memorial Day.

Peace to the left of you, peace to the right of you,
  Peace all around you has woven her spell,
God over all of you, He saw the fight of you,
  Helped you to battle, men, bravely and well.

RESIGNATION.

The twilight's gray enshrouds me,
A prison cell entombs,
The hate of life beclouds me,
Mine is the gloom of glooms;
Yet, by some necromancy
My thoughts are led astray
Down paths of flowered fancy
To You—and Yesterday.

Why do you come to haunt me
With dream-born face aglow,
With eyes that ever taunt me
With joys I used to know?
Past pleasures waken sorrow,
My hopes are crumbled clay,
So grief is all I borrow
From what is Yesterday.

Fade back into the essence
Wherefrom your glory came!
Back with your taunting presence
And leave me to my shame!
My longing, dear, I banish,
I dare not bid you stay!
With dawn my dreams must vanish,
And You—and Yesterday.

A QUESTION—BROTHER!

How would you like to wear such clothes
  Where such clothes are the style,
With stripes like these and stripes like those
  That run 'round all the while,
That circle 'round and 'round one's frame,
  Until the ugly rings
Wind one so close to one's own shame
  That to the shame he clings?

Oh, yes, I know that ancient saw,
  "Clothes cannot make a man."
It's not by words but common law,
  It's not by saws, but plan,
That nature makes or nature mars
  Both soul and plastic clay,
And ugly stripes make ugly scars
  That mark the shamed alway.

Say, if you wore such clothes as these,
  Would you feel like a man—
A pulsing life with one long lease
  On God's eternal plan?
Could you breathe deep in noble pride
  And call the Great One, good,
His mercy sweet, His power wide,
  His kindness understood?

If you would pray, how would your speech
  Untangle from these stripes?
How could your noblest yearnings reach
  Beyond each ring that gripes,

Not flesh alone, but hopes and dreams
And all your heart may feel,
How could you look beyond this scheme
Of stripes and stone and steel?

One cannot be a man and wear
His sorrow on his breast!
One cannot be a man and bear
His longings, half expressed!
And, can one be a man at all
Held by these stripes of shame,
Entomed behind a prison's wall,
A number for a name?

SUPPLICATION.

Tell me if the half-infernal
Are denied the heavenly home—
Is the brand of sin eternal?
Must the earth-marked ever roam?

Do the angels, ever seeking,
Meet the crimson at the door—
Welcome blood, and in their greeting,
Make it clean forevermore?

Read me, O ye Wise One, read me!
Pierce me with all-seeing eye—
Rend my heart—and soul, if need be!
Answer me—then, let me die.

BEYOND THE BARS.

Beyond the bars my tired, straining eyes
  Look out upon a garden no hands shaped,
That seems to mirror back to sapphire skies
  In various shades of green and gold, the hills
    flower-draped
With nature's gorgeous splendor, perfect planned;
  And thru its very heart earth's greatest stream,
Burdened with the harvest of the land
  Rushes, on and on, but I must wait and dream—
Beyond the Bars!

Beyond the bars the call of life I hear,
  The luring voices echo day and night,
From that free world I ever love and fear,
  Which ever hideous bars mask from my sight.
I know that all my dearest hopes are there,
  Those child-pure dreams in which sin has no part;
Of men that win the love of women fair
  And Truth and Justice are—I nurse my bruised
    Heart
Beyond the Bars.

Beyond the bars I feel that I may go
  Some future day and claim my native right
To toil and earn a Free-man's wage, and know
  The thrill that comes with free, unfettered sight
Of earth and sky. And, oh, the greatest hope to me
  Is to forget forever that this plan
Of walls and bars and all its misery
  Is but the scheme of heartless, greedy man
Beyond the Bars.

Beyond the bars I count each passing day
And sadly watch the fairest flowers fade;
The reddest rose has paled to a deep gray,
And green has taken on a yellowish shade;
The mighty river shrinks, and dim the early stars
Twinkle and disappear; with tired eyes, alone,
I watch and wait and know, beyond life's bars
There is no thought of steel or walls of stone,
Beyond the Bars.

THE CRUCIBLE.

A child-man came complaining to
The stalwart God of sin,
Came with a plea unto the throne
Where none may mercy win.

"Oh, Satan, dear," he weakly cried,
"My punishment is great!
I ask you, beg you for relief
From this, my low estate?"

"Whence come you, Thing, that you can shrink
From tortures Hell may hold?
From earth! Indeed, I thought that world
Spewed phantoms tough and bold."

"How can an earth-tried spirit come
To Hell and feel its pain?
I think you're shamming—get, you Thing—
Into the flames again."

THE PAST.

I am the past, the evil, the fiend of leering gaze,
The shape you dare not question, the ghost of traveled ways;
I am that which you have hidden
But shall ever come unbidden,
To break the peace of solitude
And make you curse your days.

Wherever you may wander, your heart is mine to guide;
However bold your features, you'll fear me at your side;
Though with men you may decry me
Or by silence may deny me,
You know my scorn can sear your soul
And blast your lofty pride.

The tenderer your conscience, the deeper sinks my sting;
The dearer be your visions, the closer shall I cling;
I, that poison love and beauty,
I, who threaten hope and duty,
Shall make you writhe and know yourself—
A doubting, craven thing.

I give a sickly pallor to what you dare to do;
I make your blood and honor and faith to flow untrue;
I flay, then turn and taunt you,
By night or day I haunt you
To goad you on unceasingly,
From ancient grief to new.

I am the past, the evil; I smite you with a rod;
Upon your soul I trample, my feet are iron-shod;
I shall jeer you ever, ever,
Shall forsake you never, never,
Shall go with you to the end
And mock you by your God.

BLOOM-TIDE.

Far to the East, and high, a flush of gold;
Below, the earth-lines merge in black and gray;
Then, as the night-mists stir and float away
On perfumed breezes—up from the dew-starred mold
A myriad melodies are flung; earth-bold
They echo on and on. New buds and bloom display
Their glory proudly. Sun-pulsed comes the Day
And Man and Beast awake. Man, up! Behold,
Gone is the winter, and enthroned is Spring—
Forever gone those cheerless cloud-tombed hours
Of yesterday. Arise, and swell the tune
Of kindled life until the echoes ring
Up to the sky, so He, who planned the flowers
And all, may hear your gratitude for June.

EFFICIENCY.

Life is but loss, and from it all
He gains the most who takes the best;
Who looks for neither rise nor fall
But loves his doing for its test.

THE BALANCE.

On fancy's height in castled dream
I tried to build both strong and well;
Beyond the night I saw the gleam,
That brought far heaven to my cell.

I wrought to score my humble name
In other than the sands of time,
To turn to gold the dross of shame
That law grinds out of common crime.

So I was free; each prison bar
Was spaced for me as star to star;
The muted silence of the cell
Held naught but flesh within its spell.

Now pause I near the iron-jawed gate—
I would go singing on my way—
Leap from this rock-ribbed pit of hate
Free both in spirit and in clay.

Yet, hesitant, I look beyond
For that which is, means much to me,
I weigh the worthy hearts here found
Against the heart I'll find when free.

And lo, the balance tells me not
Which weigh the more—this sin-bruised lot,
Or those with sins, brought not to light,
Who dwell beyond this house of night!

LAHK I NEVAH CARE.

Always trouble, trouble, hoodoos evahwhere!
So Ah keep ah-movin' lahk Ah nevah care.

Soldjah in de battle, bullets flyin' fas'
Dohn waste time ah-duckin', hopin' 'at he'll las'.

Soldjah mighty busy lahk he nevah care;
Ain't no time foh dodgin', bullets evahwhere.

See de debil comin', ain't no use toh run,
He kin do de hot-foot, beat yoh jes foh fun.

Bettah stan' an' face 'im, lahk yoh nevah care;
Boun' toh get yoh sometime, debil's evahwhere.

Ef de sun ain't shinin', guess it shine some day;
Dohn b'lieve it nohow, sun kin go toh stay.

Whistle froo de dahkness lahk Ah nevah care;
Ain't no use in mournin' dahkness evahwhere.

Scholar mans dey tell me dat the worl' am roun';
Can't side-step from off it, dohn care where yoh boun'.

Spec dah's tears an' heart-aches mos'ly evahwhere,
So Ah totes mah trouble lahk Ah nevah care.

LYIN' IN DE SHADE.

Breezy on de margins, breezy all within,
Feel lahk God's foun' me, took ahway mah sin.

Bobolink ah-singin' "Phu—tu-weet! tu-weet!"
Sunshine jas ah-sizzlin' ovah yondah wheat.

Wondah if Ah's lazy layin' in de shade,
Lookin' at de beauty dat de Lord's made?

Sunny on de margins, sunshine ovah all
Feel lahk God's nevah made ah man toh fall.

All de worl' am callin' askin' me toh dine,
Hush dah! Heah de cohnfiel'? "Brudder, won't yoh
jine?"

Leaves ah rustlin', rustlin', jes 's if dey say,
"Cohn am mighty lushus bout dis time o' day."

Yondah watah-millyun—Golly! how he grin!!
See de stripes ah winkin' lahk de eyes of sin.

Guess Ah go on farther, can't stay heah at all!
By 'm by its darker, den Ah'll make a call.

Rooster he am crowin', "Ut-et-uu! et-uuu!"
Wondah ef he's tellin' what Ah's gwine toh do?

Bet a silvah dollah rooster'll fin' de pot
W'en de night am sulky, an' de watah hot.

Howdy, Massah Johnson! Howdy, Massah Ted!
Wha dat? Massah Johnson! Heah each word Ah
said?

Lordy, Massah Johnson, Ah jes' makes b'lieve
Dat Ah makes up p'otry, da's all, jes' b'lieve.

Golly! dat a close un! Won't ask dem toh jine
W'en de meal am ready, w'en de things am mine.

JUNE.

When you see me listen, no one near at all,
June from breezy hilltops sends a throaty call.

Should I wear a stare and grin that's near sublime,
Know my soul is outward with the hymning-time?

If you hear me singing in a wordless croon,
Know my heart is talking to the heart of June.

June, the merry maiden, tiptoe in her glee,
Calling, calling, calling to the heart of me!

June—and I have heard her!—That's the reason why
I am looking outward, upward to the sky.

June she courts a fellow as a maiden should—
Brings so much of glory that she makes him good.

Never yields a promise; hers are simply deeds—
Gifts of love and kindness—things a fellow needs.

Pansies for his garden, daisies for the field,
Clover in the open, violets concealed.

Juicy fruits for hunger when the day star gleams,
Scented breeze for kisses, spangled shade for dreams.

Like a vestal virgin, that is what she is—
Knowing not, nor caring, what be hers or his.

Giving all for nothing—if your heart be young
And you come to woo her with a singing tongue.

Oh, to be a laddie just to go along
Up to knees in clover, heaven-high in song!

Oh, to be a laddie with a soul of worth—
Careless of the import of the heedless earth!

There would be no shadow hung between the sun
And the unblazed pathway that my life must run.

There would be no straining of the weary mind
For a faint reflection of the joys behind.

Living would be pleasure, summer would be joy—
That's enough of import for a healthy boy.

June would be a present from the very throne,
Sent by the Great Father for my very own.

There would be no blackness at the hour of noon
Were I but a laddie and afield with June.

Little pagan lordling, singing in the sun,
I would live, not pray it, "Lord, thy will be done."

DE COOPAH-BONE.

Ah has ah premonition—
  Wha' dat! why, say yoh fool,
What am de tings dey teach yoh
  Up in dat prison school?
Ah premonition's sumfin'
  A talkin' in yoh eah
Erbout ah ting toh happen
  Befoh de ting am heah.
Ah has ah premonition
  Dat on T'anksgibin' day
Ah'll prance in foh mah dinnah,
  An' Ah'll be feelin' gay.
Ah'll sit down toh de table,
  An' den Ah know Ah'll groan—
Mah premonition tells me
  Dar'll be no coopah-bone.
Mos' any part of turkey
  Am worth yoh while toh eat,
But, u-um! foh juicy sweetness
  De coopah's hard to beat.
An' Ah jes feels it, Buddy—
  Mah dice of fate am thrown—
Ah'll round up on dat dinnah
  An' miss de coopah-bone.
Now dohn yoh t'ink Ah'm kickin',
  Foh Ah, Ah t'inks lahk dis:
No bit of use toh grumble
  At all de tings yoh miss.
It's bes' toh grin at sorrow
  Or leave yoh fate alone,
Although on all T'anksgibins
  Yoh miss de coopah-bone.

ROLLIN' DE BONES.

Seben come 'leben—roll 'long bones!
  Hop-pah dice an-ah git 'im!
Done throwed eight—roll on bones!
  Hop-pah dice an-ah hit 'im!
Little Jo!—an-ah dime Ah come—
  (Fade me, fellah, quick!)
Money heah an-ah sure git some—
  (Ride me, fellah, quick!)
Di-se-dice—an-ah hit 'im hard!
  Roll up seben—an-ah bim 'im hard!
    Down in Georgia—come again—
    Mama's due on de railroad train.
Big Dick dat? u-um Lordy Lord!
  Hit 'im dice an-ah hit 'im hard!
    Baby want ah-new shoes,
    Baby want ah-new shoes—
Eighty days an-ah great Big Dick!
  Eighty—git dat money quick—
Hop-pah dice, an-ah Richard come!
  Hop-pah dice, an-ah hit dat bum!
Hi yi—Dice! jes roll 'im dumb!
  Dice-ee-dice—an-ah Richard come!
Eight she is!—Dat's rollin' some!
  Dime Ah Play.

TOH MAKE DE HOODOO GET.

Ef yoh shud go ah-walkin'
  Aneath de open sky
Jes w'en de moon am drunk'n
  An' not ah soul am nigh,

An' heah de night-owls hootin'
Jes lahk dey wuz toh die;
An' heah de bullfrogs tootin'—
  An' yoh dat skeart yoh'd fly—
Jes stop an' fin' yoh shadder,
  Den mahk jes whar it stays,
Den stomp yoh feet upon it
  An' cross yoh hands dis ways,
Den bow tohwahds er medder,
  An' turn right whar yoh stand,
An' den, why, den—doggone it!
  Jes run toh beat de band!
De hoodo den cahn't catch yoh—
  Jes run toh beat de band.

ECSTACY.

Voices in de tree-tops
  W'en de breezes pass,
Whispers in de cohnfiel'
  An' de humble grass.
What yoh 'spec dey's sayin—
  Grass an' cohn an' tree?—
Sayin', Miss Lucinda
  Gave her love toh me!

Sunshine on de meadow,
  On de hill an' wood—
Jes ah golden glory
  Dat am berry good.
Why yoh tink it's shinin'
  Lahk it nevah shone?—
Shinin' kase Lucinda
  Said she'll be mah own.

REFORMED.

Ah hasn't jined no Temp'rance but
  Ah's cut de licker out,
An' knows exactly why Ah has
  An' jes' what Ah's erbout;
Ah's lahk de man de Good Book says
  Declared de worl' is vain
Bekase he couldn't fin' ah way
  Toh cheer his soul again.

Dey's hit mah solah plexus wif
  Ah legal uppah-cut,
Dey's put me where de licker talk
  Dohn have no if an' but;
Dere's iron bars aroun' me
  An' great thick walls of stone—
Ah hasn't jined no Temp'rance but
  Ah leaves de drink alone.

RAPTURE.

Nachur in de mornin'
  Toots ah golden fife,
Keeps yohr feet ah-dancin'
  Toh de song of Life.
Asks yoh, "Is yoh livin' "
  On de edge of tings,
So yoh dasn't nevah
  Cut no pigeonwings?"

Nachur chuckles "Howdy,"
  Den she plays ah tune
Jes as ef she nevah
  Knew ah ting but June.
Mebbe yoh dohn hear her,
  Mebbe yoh dohn care—
Bless me! Yoh's foolish
  As er crazy hare.

Mebbe Ah hears music
  From de lan' an' sea
Kase Ah love Lucinda
  An' de gal loves me.

RETROSPECTION.

A streak of dun and dusty road,
  A ragged patch of green,
A bit of blue that God has sowed
  Till tree-tops intervene.
A little gray, unpainted shed
  The branches strive to screen—
Ashamed, the thing has backward fled,
  Like humble work and mean.—

A corner of a house before,
  A trellis by my side—
This is the spot which I adore,
  This is the "world so wide."
Beneath the trees a hammock swings
  With whisperings by my side,
I sway into remembered springs—
  But God! Oh, God! she died.

SONNET I.

How now? Give thanks! This is Thanksgiving
day.
What are the mercies that have been bestowed
On us? When has our "Cup of Life" o'erflowed
That we should seek for words our thanks to say?
Go, friend, and offer thanks, if you have sowed
And reaped; go, thank Him for the precious load
The harvest-fields have yielded; go, obey
The promptings of your gladdened souls, and pray.

The scorching noonday suns, the bootless quest
In famine-stricken fields; hands filled with chaff
With which to feed our souls—now hungered
long—
And ever, ever, seeking and unrest—
These are the joys we find upon our path;
For these you ask a grateful prayer or song!

SONNET II.

"Oh, If we come," you plead, "just come and pray
Unto the One whose kindly grace will heal
The aching heart, the bruise we would conceal,
The fever of the woe that burns alway—
Then would we learn how sweet it is to feel
Ourselves made glad—how good it is to kneel
And from a humble, grateful heart to say:
'Dear Lord, all life is one Thanksgiving day.'"

Yes, if we come—as long-ago we came
And knelt and folded little hands and said
"Now I lay." You, perhaps, may come like this
And, child-pure, whisper in the Father's name,
But friends, our white-robed innocence is dead,
We have no thanks to give for what we miss.

SONNET III.

BEHOLD, we come. Half-ashamed, we bend a knee
To render thanks for what our hearts may find
Is worth our gratitude. Half-shamed, tear-blind,
And faint from longing, Lord, to pray to Thee:
We thank Thee that all men are less unkind
Than men could be. We thank Thee that the grind
Of life has sometimes spared the weak; that destiny
Holds hope, and slaves may dream of days to be.

Dear Lord, our shredded lives are splashed with tears—
We cannot read the writing on the wall;
We walked with want upon a lonesome way—
With memories clinging to those famished years;
Yet, Lord, we thank Thee, though remembering all,
That others have a bright Thanksgiving day.

SONNET IV.

Within the prison place, where grievous rules
Deny the right of one to sing aloud
Or voice in trembling words the thoughts that crowd

The mind which longs for speech with brother fools—
Within the bounded space where men are dumb
Or talk with guarded lip and cautious eye,
I learn that many are who overcome
The things that bid the soul of song to die.

I know not how or why this truth should be;
I only know that he whose heart is filled
With strains of eloquence from earth and sea
And vagrant ways, escapes much misery;
He holds in keep a music rarely stilled,
And from the law he hates, is often free.

SONNET V.

Hold back the curtain for one moment, Death,
And let me gaze into your mystic land
Of silence. Let me but see the hand
Of God record eternity. A breath
Is life, and I would know, would understand
What means this little breath that we command.
If it mean much, I beg a shibboleth—
A pass to Death, and to return from Death.

So pleaded poets, seers of bygone days,
When men could hope to wake a world with song
Or read the scroll that time holds ever furled.
My children, heed: We needs must go the ways
Of Life and Death, must go, both right and wrong;
If you would see and know—behold the world.

SONNET VI.

MY FATHER, Lord, why should I call to Thee
With wild, impassioned pleas, for strength or light
Or aid or grace? I look into the night,
And love, thy love is there—and it is free;
And eyes of faith can read the words I write:
"Mine is the hope about thy soul. By might
Of mine, and love for Thee, is held in fee
Eternity." This is enough for me.

So, Lord, I have no little prayer to say,
Nor plaint to make for change in anything
Which Thou hast made, and men call right or wrong,
At times I start to murmur at the day
But, 'tween the heart and lips which call Thee King,
The words that I would say are turned to song.

THE LASKEY.

They talked of him and said: "He tries
To be a faithful man";
They did not know his deeds were lies
He cursed them while he ran.

Yet, they who ruled approved of him;
For power has no plan
Nor ways to get beyond the rim
Of man and to the man.

FAME'S COURIER.

Awake!
The dawn is here!
And day waits near;
Make haste—
Each moment lost
But swells the cost
Of waste;
Shake off the dreams of ancient schemes—
Awake!

Awake!
Up, lead the race
At such a pace
Men smile
Or cheer your aim
And shout your name—
Worth while
To idly wait or hesitate?
Awake!

Awake!
Come, stake your all
For rise or fall;
A guess?
No! For the man
Who leads the van,
Success
Waits to proclaim his honored name!
Awake!

SPRING.

I sing of Spring!
  But prison walls surround me,
    The prison gloom is mine,
  My brooding thoughts have bound me
    To seasons where the wine
                Of Spring
    Is not a draught divine.

To sing of Spring?
  With petty rules to trouble
    The souls that mourn alone.
  With cold, dead hopes that double
    The chilling crush of stone—
                Of Spring?
    When freedom lacks a throne!

To sing of Spring?
  To chant in tuneful measures
    Of life by laughter led,
  When all of earth's young pleasures
    Are dying or are dead!
                Of Spring?
    When youth is dead!

To sing of Spring
  The heart and mind must answer
    The speech of birds and grass,
  Must be a gay romancer
    Of miracles which pass
                Of Springs
    That come and pass.

SHADOWS.

I see gray shadows climb a hill
  And sway toward the west;
I hear a song bird's plaintive trill,
  He calls his mate to rest;
Warm breezes, cloyed with rose perfume,
  Sigh soft from shrub to tree;
The sun sinks slowly to its tomb
  Of time beyond the sea.

Just where the sun's last molten ray
  Burns red across the brine,
And rose-hued shines upon the bay
  So water glows like wine;
Two lovers in a boat adrift
  Are blended with the scene,
And through a cloud-bank's narrow rift
  They view their soul's demesne.

Soft lights, soft grays, and dreaming love:
  "Oh," sighed I, "earth is fair!
And hearts beat warm; is God above
  Always to curb despair?"
And then I turned; my heart went sore;
  Where day was whelmed by night,
I saw an old man bowed before
  A tombstone's ghastly white.

A FOOL'S ART.

Music? No, friend, I can't pretend
To know a thing about it;
But I revere its noisy cheer
Whenever children shout it.
Just boys and girls in shifting whirls
And streaks of play and laughter,
That seems to me like music free—
The kind that God looks after.

A dirty face, without a trace
Of beauty as you see it
Can be a sight that's lined aright
By Art—as masters see it.
Perhaps your creed and mine may need
To clash a bit together;
Artistic joys and girls and boys
Alive in any weather.

A little girl can set awhirl
My scanty hopes of heaven;
I hear her laugh and fail to scoff—
And Lord! She's only seven.
I don't despise the chunks of cries
And pudgy bits of trouble;
A baby's squall is never all—
Its "goo" is pleasure double.

I'm just a fool of nary school
With little time for preachers—
Don't need to look in any book
When wee folks are the teachers.

They're book enough, and tame or rough,
When one has learned to love them;
The slicked-up head, the tousled head—
God guide the fools above them!

Oh, yes, I pray; that's all I say:
"Make wise the fools above them!"
'Tis only fair that He should care—
I can't do more than love them.

MEMORIES.

The new morn's sun, across the way,
Had turned night's tears to gold,
And blazed a path for blushing day
Across the dew-wet mold,
When I, with prison bars between
My earth, heaven, and hell,
Gazed out upon the rise of green
That lies before my cell.

A fair-haired boy of tender years
Romped on the velvet sod,
And as I gazed forbidden tears
Welled in my eyes—and, God!—
The morn, the child, the slope of green,
The sunlight's mellow glow,
Recalled to me a memoried scene,
And joys I used to know.

The memoried scene was of my youth,
My childhood, and my play,

When all my paths were paved with truth,
When life was ever gay;
When I, a child, unspoiled, unstained,
Dreamed life was but a song—
But now—Ah, now—by sin profaned,
I know the price of wrong!

I steeled my heart (the night I came
Within the prison gate)
To pay my debt with voiceless shame,
To stifle love with hate;
To still my sobs, my hopes, my fears,
But when I saw that child,
I welcomed back love, hope, and tears,
I mourned, and, mourning, smiled.

GRACELESS.

To lie in a convict graveyard,
To mix with the graceless dead—
No word of glory near me?
No marble above my head?
But there is the earth around me,
The arch of the sky above,
And how can a sculptured marble
Be sign of a greater love?

I smile at your words of pity,
For what is a stone to one
Asleep in the breast of nature
With all of his toiling done?

OPTIMIST'S MORNING SONG.

With joyful heart bid night depart,
  Then greet
The victor, Fate, across the gate
Where manly toil wins honest spoil,
  Life's sweet,
Cursed by no debt of dull regret,
Arise!

Arise!
Blot out the thought that life has brought
  But pain;
Forget the scars, the falls, the jars,
The foolish fears of woeful years—
  All vain!
And sing in praise of better days,
Arise!

Arise!
Go breathe the air that's free from care
  Or wrong;
And let your heart its joy impart
In kindly smiles, in laughing whiles,
In song—
In heart-whole cheer for what is here,
Arise!

Arise!
Oh, man or maid be not afraid
  Of day,
Give it your youth, your soul of truth,
Your fearless life and reckon strife as play,
Arise!

THE KING'S CRY.

I saw a king the other day
  I know he was a king,
Because he went along his way
  As proud as anything.
His step so light, his eyes so bright
  And full of mischief-laughter,
So puzzled me, I turned to see
  His court a-coming after.

But no; the king was all alone,
  His troubles far behind;
There was no pomp to make him groan,
  No flattery to blind.
All by himself, a trousered elf
  So filled with his own glory
That I could read (and had no need
  Of book to learn his story).

"The king," I mused, "is glad because
  He's lost his court of clowns—
The funny folk who make his laws,
  And lord it in his towns.
He's now about—" just then a shout
  Came from the kingly rover.
And what he said sings in my head:
  "Hey, Billy! School is over!"

ENERGY.

The uplift man is always one
  Who's sawing fit to bust;
Who works as if he surely knows
  That Rest is only Rust.

IN DREAMS.

In dreams your eyes peer into mine,
  In dreams I see you yet,
The loving one I should resign,
  The maid I would forget.

You seem as young, as sweet, and fair
  As when long years ago
I smoothed your wealth of tangled hair,
  And kissed you so, and so.

We wander on a sunlit day
  And come to hills and streams;
You gather violets by the way,
  I watch you in my dreams.

Your curving cheek, a wisp of hair
  That flutters in the breeze,
Your mingled, shy and care-free air,
  I note such things as these.

Why must these prison halls be filled
  With meadows, sunlit, wide?
Why should I be so strangely thrilled
  When you are at my side?

Long since I wrote beneath my fate:
  "Let love and longing die,"
Yet, breathlessly, and, dear, too late,
  I watch you passing by.

With wistful eyes I look again
To value love's sweet cost,
Nor can I make my heart refrain
From longing for the lost.

The vision fades and, lo! I sit
Within my prison cell
Where sorrows wait, and evils flit
Between my heart and Hell.

And yet, because I dreamed of you,
And walked where once we trod,
I nearer am to love, the true,
I closer am to God.

IDOL OF LOVE.

The Idol of love lies broken,
Its ruins are here at my feet—
Kisses, and each joyous token
That once made worshipping sweet;
Soul, and a love-light tender
That beamed for me in her eyes;
Hope, and a dear dream's splendor—
Dead, and unworthy of sighs.

Idol of fire and glory,
Crumbled as time crumbles clay!
God!—and I told a heart's story
Unto this thing one day!
Spoke with my thrilled lips of passion,
Prayed with a boy's stumbling tongue—
O woe for the idols we fashion
If the heart of the maker be young!

The idol of love is broken
  Thing that I worshipped as one
Who, thinking his dear God has spoken,
  Dreams that all heaven is won;
O, it had deep eyes of dreaming!
  And love-light there burned for a day!
No wonder I worshipped this seeming,
  This idol that was only clay.

Idol of fire and glory,
  Maid whom I thought was divine—
Whose laugh was a musical story—
  Whose smiles could enthrall me like wine,
It is that your soul has departed,
  The mystery of you is dispelled,
That I am as one broken-hearted,
  With sorrow that will not be quelled.

THE "NEAR POET."

I have no storied thunder
  That outward may be hurled
To wake, to startled wonders;
  This listless, working world.

Nor have I angel voices
  Wherewith to pulse my song,
So he who hears rejoices
  And smiles the whole day long.

Yet life, dear life, forever
  I turn to poesy sweet;
And write lest I should never
  Have coins for bread and meat.

A SHUT-IN'S SPRING SONG.

I love to watch the dawn's dream hush,
The turn of gloom to gray;
It comes so like a pure maid's blush—
Too fair and sweet to stay;
It leaves the sky a crimson flush,
A smile for earth and day.

I love to meet the first-born breeze
That stirs the leafy boughs,
To listen to the birds and bees
Re-sing their matin vows—
To sense the life of things like these
And feel my heart arouse.

I love to greet the new morn's sun,
Its kiss to gain, to hold
And have new strength for heights unwon,
Or find my heart more bold,
As I with lighter footsteps run
To work that brings no gold.

I love to live! the earth is fair;
There is God's mellow sun;
A hint of flowers in the air,
And sounds of childish fun—
I turn to look, but everywhere
My view with steel is spun!

A SPRING IDYL.

An alien song-bird in a tree
  Sat singing to his alien mate;
Two lovers heard his minor key
  And, lover-like, they would translate.

SHE

He sings, she said, of summers when
  A day is fit to live in,
And, unafraid of gunning men,
  One dares a song to heaven;
One dares to sing his soul-self free,
  Nor look alarmed at shadows,
Nor start at sudden booms of bee
  Or cloud-shade on the meadows.

HE

He sings, he said, a boastful song
  Of how he'll sing forever,
And how his love as life is long,
  Though this be ended never!
Hear that? he chirps, "Tu weet c-cheet!"
  It means "God's peace above you!"
And now, "Ee-eee!" "a fine day, sweet!"
  "Tu Kee!" and "Oh, I love you!"
And when he pipes in little turns,
  Our feathered music-spender
Tells to his mate how much he yearns
  To be more kind and tender;
"Ti-ee," "I shall," "e-ees," "be true,"
  "Tucee!" "desert you, never!"
"Twikee cee chee," "I'll love but you,"
  "Ceeeee!"—"forever!"

SHE

He sings, she said, no such a song!
How can you be so silly?
You talk as if he runs along
Just like a smooth-tongued Willie.
A bird may sing his soul away,
And do it well, and gladly;
A man may tell what song-birds say—
But, sir, you've told it badly.
He sings—um, stop! he si—quit, John!
He sings—You'll make me cuff you!
He si—Oh, you! There, now he's gone—
Why, yes, of course I love you.

LOVE NOTES.

Your love is vain and dead? Ah, well,
Go, dear, along your way,
Forget of the woven spell
Which was, for but a day.
I will not lie and say I weep
For love of yours, the dead,
May silence close around its sleep,
Deserted be its bed.
The quickened sense that droops and dies,
Be it of love or hate,
But proves it were a worthless prize,
Why should I mourn its fate?
For love or hate with death awing,
Or dead for days or years,
Was, living, but a tortured thing;
And dead, not worth my tears.

You write as if love goes amiss,
Or love that was had died,
That they who loved may never kiss
Nor wander side by side.
Is love a shape with eyes and hair?
A form to clasp and hold?
And, losing these, does love despair
And curse the spirit's mold?
Can it be love that makes complaint
To earth and moon and stars
Because its mate is pale and faint
And caged by walls and bars?
Love finds the bars, and to the place
Where waits the captive mate,
It calls and bids a heart take grace
And strength for any fate.

I cannot think that life or death
May alter love a jot,
That it is vain, is but a breath
Which comes and then is not.
If love were vain, a thing that seems,
What draws me to the light?
What gives a glory to the dreams
I dream by day and night?
How could I look beyond the haze
Wherein I wait, entombed,
And have no sigh for vanished days
Nor know my future doomed?
How could I bear a soul of song
With all my present pain
And bravely walk where shadows throng
If love, and life were vain?

It may be that your love is dead
  Mine is unmourned as yet;
There is no sorrow in its stead,
  No ashes of regret.
Nor can I sound a note of care
  While spirit hands renew
The flame upon the altar where
  I've placed my dreams of you.

A SONG.

Why should I harbor sorrow?
  Does it make burdens less?
Bring new strength for tomorrow
  Or enlarge tenderness?

A day or so—a moment!
  Is all of life I hold;
Why should I myself torment
  With what the hours unfold?

Choose, you, the fretful morning,
  The stern or worried gaze,
The attitude of scorning
  The joy along your ways.

For me, the day of pleasure,
  The way not overlong,
A child to spill love's measure,
  My lilt a laddie's song.

EASTER LAY: TO THE HEN.

One year ago I did not know
Our prison bill of fare, ah, no!
Nor did I then think that to men
I'd praise the humble cackling hen.
I knew that farms had rural charms
Such as the hen and her alarms
When in the haze of pleasant days
She cackles o'er her spheriod lays.

I knew of quests for hidden nests
Amid a storm of wild protests,
And how the meek may have a beak
With which to pick my yellow streak;
And I could tell the thrilling spell
For one who holds a broken shell
That golden drips on pouted lips
When boyhood from straight nature sips.

But, oh, not then could I to men
Have said one word to praise the hen
Or mentioned how she beats the sow
Likewise the horned or muley cow—
It took a year of dwelling here
To learn the homely hen is dear;
Took eggless days in eggless ways
Before I thought to sing her lays!

Through all my years of doubts and fears,
Of busted hopes and warmed-up tears,
Is seen that I have made no sigh,
Until my pleasures passed me by.

So I relate it must be Fate
That palmed me off unto the State,
So that my pen might tell all men
There's poetry in the cackling hen.

THE HARVEST.

My eyes looked out, the harvest throng
Toiled in the summer sun;
I heard them sing a thankful song
After their task was done—
I wondered why they all passed by
The prison, one by one.

The hills were robed in faded gold;
The lowlands, bare and gray;
The harvest lay safe in the hold,
Stored for a winter day;
The reaper's meed, the miser's greed,
The toiler's honest pay.

The hills and fields woke memories
Dear to my brooding heart,
Of days before earth-miseries
Became of me a part—
Fair days that fled, and hopes so dead
They hardly stir my heart.

The iron bars and walls of stone
Woke thoughts I dare not tell
Of how a soul must still its moan
And hide it in a cell—
Woke thoughts that crawled and writhed and sprawled
Like phantom things of hell.

All showed how void my days on earth,
  How fettered by my fears,
How little idle hands are worth,
  How weak are after-tears
All showed how vain the core of pain
  In fruitless wasted years.

My eyes looked out! the harvest throng
  Toiled in the summer sun;
I heard them sing a thankful song
  After their task was done.
I wondered why they all passed by
  The prison, one by one.

INDIFFERENCE.

How can I care if evils loom
  Along the darkened ways
And threaten me with awful doom
  Of many bitter days?

What matter if the future state
  Be one of ceaseless pain?
My heart is steeled for any fate,
  My soul cannot complain.

Have I not lived and borne the life
  Of life with other men?
Endured amidst their foolish strife,
  And, striving, laughed at them?

Have I not watched and mourned beside
  The spirit of my youth?
It died, betrayed, bereft of pride,
  Ashamed of earth's untruth.

What matter if the future state
  Be one of ceaseless pain?
This life makes welcome any fate—
  Except this life again.

BUDDING DAYS.

Where the poet worth the singing
  Who has never made a lay
To the early bluebird's winging—
  "Feathered harbingers of May?"
If he's sent no words a-wing
  Of the lilt and life and bubble
In the days of gracious Spring?

Has there ever lived a lover,
  Worthy of the sacred name,
Who did not see skies above Her
  From his own heart-throbs aflame?
Who has not thrilled with the passion
  That the south-warmed breezes bring,
And, in his own stumbling fashion,
  Tried to tell her "Love is Spring?"

When our life was worth our living,
  When the day was filled with song,
When our thoughts were kind, forgiving,
  To an evil or a wrong.
When we had fair words for others,
  And a heart for everything,
Was it not when we were brothers
  To the budding days of Spring?

THE CONVICT'S WIFE.

There are no happy children in the home of Shard tonight,
  There are no merry voices where they used to sound so clear,
Nor shall I hear a tumult and a rush of footsteps light
  To tell me someone comes and that whoever comes is dear.
The mother sits beside the stove, her face is sorrow-gray,
  Her eyes are strained as if they see some awfulness of hell;
So did she look when I peeped in, and then I stole away,
  My heart so thick with pity that remembrance is not well.

I wonder if the man now gone to prison for his crime
  Has felt one-half the woe she feels who only loved in vain,
I wonder if he sits and stares, unmindful of the time,
  His form without all calm and cold, but lashed within by pain.
I wonder if he ever thinks how she who bears his name
  Must bear the burden of the deed her love could not control;
His hands alone have done the wrong, and his should be the shame;
  Yet she, the wife who has not sinned, sees shame upon her soul.

Oh, who can tell the measure of the sin that men may do
When judgment strikes the lightest on the one who is a beast?
How can we think the laws of men are wise and good and true
While they who suffer most are those whose sins are of the least?
It is a lie that innocence fears not the light of day,
That sweetest dreams are for the one who has the laws obeyed;
This woman when she walks abroad will shrink upon the way
And what may come to her in dreams will make her more afraid.

They've taken him to prison, but she has no place to go—
A grave alone could hide and hold the fearsomeness I saw;
O wide strange eyes and tight-clenched hands! hands clean and white as snow,
Tight-clenched on thorned eternity, condemned by life and law.
The prison doors are high and wide, and farther in is gloom,
And men go by these iron doors to rest within the shade;
His sin is taken to a place where it may find a tomb—
Her heart must bear the shadow—and the Thing will not be laid.

THE MOURNERS.

Hush a little while your tears and wailing!
'Tis wrong to weep because your babe has died;
Tears, the mother tears, are unavailing—
As vain as mother love, or dreams or pride.

Foolish one! To mourn that death has claimed him!
You should rejoice and sing aloud instead;
Sing, because your thoughts have never blamed him,
Nor almost cursed his birth nor wished him dead.

You shall never turn, with mother yearning,
And meet a strange and cold untrustful gaze;
Come to him, with mother kindness burning,
To be repulsed by chilly, sullen ways.

Never shall your heart, tormented, flutter
Because he lives and still his love you lack;
Never shall you kneel and madly mutter
A plea to God—to bring the living back.

Oh, the joy the future years shall bring you
When you shall muse of him—forever fair!
Sweet and fair—and not a thought to sting you,
Nor burn your soul with anguish or despair!

God, oh God! If mine—when young and tender—
Had slipped away to follow voiceless death,
Memories of him had thrilled with splendor,
And throbbed with song at fancy's softest breath.

THE PRISON WALL.

A spirit breathes in what we build,
  A presence haunts the deed,
No matter if the thing we willed
  Be charity or greed.
Or work for good or work for sin,
  Or work of simple fun,
A spirit smiles or scowls within
  The thing that we have done.

As if some sullen shape of hate,
  Gigantic, tried to hew
A record of his awful fate
  So men may know it, too,
So seems the wall of gloomy stone,
  A mightiness brought low,
A cursed thing that stands alone
  To mock me and my woe.

Almost it seems to have a face
  Of masked but leering scorn
When I look forth and try to trace
  Life's glory in a morn;
It scowls when in the noonday sun
  Its face is swept by light,
And when I rest, my labor done,
  It threatens in the night.

My heart is not complaining—no;
  I only wonder why
A wall should mount to heaven so
  And blot fair earth and sky;

And wonder if its heartless scheme
Was in the maker's plan
When into mud He wove a dream
And called the union man.

TODAY IS BEST OF ALL.

When winter came with storm-cursed days,
With biting winds and snow,
Did you not wish to tread the ways
Where nodding daisies grow?
Did you not long to see again
The lightning's zigzagged flash,
And hear the pelting of the rain
Go pitty-pat and splash?

Did you not wish, the same as I,
For things you may not hold,
Young love or aged, or hours that fly,
Or fading hope, or gold?
Or stared into the vanished years
Where priceless things are lost
And wondered through a mist of tears
If God knows what they cost?

But summers pass, and friends and gold
And loves and hopes depart
However much we strive to hold
Their dearness to the heart;
And so we learn, the learning few,
That, though the heavens fall,
Or Fate betray or Time undo,
Today is best of all.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

The penitentiary at Stillwater, Minnesota, is looked upon as being one of the advanced penal institutions where the criminal class in the great school of life is being taught. We present here exhibit "B" in the form of poetry, prose and pleas that reveal the soul of that institution.

These pages, from 176 to 194 inclusive, reveal the hopes and longings of the average man in that monstrous cage. This was written by one who signs his name: A. N. Apache, and is reproduced here for the reason that we believe it better to study the many sides of a type than it would be to have a mere look at one angle of many individuals.

Much of this was written by Apache for publication in The Mirror, the newsy, breezy, well edited weekly newspaper, issued by the inmates of that state institution. Some of these verses have had a rather wide circulation, and we hope to extend their usefulness.

These papers are fair samples of what the prisoners prepare and read at their weekly chautauqua meetings.

Some of these selections admirably lend themselves to the use of the lyceum and chautauqua reader, and a hint to the wise is sufficient.

THE "CHAUTAUQUA CIRCLE" AT STILLWATER.

One of the greatest educational features of the Minnesota State Prison is the little "Pierian Circle" of chautauqua work which has been successfully maintained for over twenty-five (25) years. I believe the circle was organized under Warden Randall and favored and encouraged by each succeeding warden until its influence has been felt even among the members of the chautauqua movement all over the United States. There has always been the most intense interest manifested by its members and the papers read and discussed at its meetings every two weeks are as full of vital force to the every day life, and as brilliant and full of genius and depth of thought as any circle of the kind can show. Many able writers of today who are filling positions of clerical work with credit to themselves and their employers began their career in the M. S. P. chautauqua. And it is a noticeable fact that its members stand at the head of the Prison Roll of Honor and deportment. The membership averages generally from 20 to 35 members and ought to be far larger, but the interest never flags, and has run its meetings through hot summer months with as much interest manifested as in the winter and early spring and fall. The little circle was the first of its kind in the United States and at once became a member of the great chautauqua movement taking up its regular course of studies, and using the same text books. It was from the membership of the circle that the first Prison Paper ("The Mirror") was

founded, and which has become such an important factor in the reform and betterment of prison life. And its twenty-five years of successful operation is due in a large measure to the talent developed from the chautauqua students, while its entire staff of editors, printers and contributors are with but few exceptions, members of the little "Pierien" circle. It is considered a very high honor to be the President, Vice President or Secretary and some of its annual elections develop much interest.

Outside of certain privileges that its officers enjoy in the prison, there is a certain feeling that its officers have a distinctive standing of credit among the members and officers of the Great Chautauqua Movement. One of the most intensely interesting and fascinating records that has ever been produced is the recorded history of its doings by its many gifted and talented secretaries during the twenty-five years and over of its existence.

A PLEA, O MINNESOTA.

(The editor of the Thief River Falls Times gave the "minor" staff an excellent "write-up" recently, and this plea was inspired by the editor's closing lines:)

"THEY MEET AGAIN, TAKE THEIR PLACE IN SOCIETY, WELCOMED AS ONE WHO HAS BEEN ABSENT ON A JOURNEY."

Fine stuff that, prose poetry. It has been clinging to us ever since it was written. The machine in the

shop pounds it to us: YOU ARE ONLY AWAY ON A JOURNEY.

Good, think that of us when next we meet, will you? Ah, there's the rub. How do the lines appeal to you, O Minnesota? For about a week or more all sorts and conditions of men grasped each other's hands in a spirit of good will. Shylocks forgot their ten per cent and men forgave all injury done them. The cold heart found joy in the fact that it could love a little, and the ill-fed factory girl dried her eyes and claimed it a good world after all. A wanderer warmed his hopes by alien fires, he found many a kindred spirit with whom he could speak, heart to heart, and with the full assurance of sympathy, without being misunderstood.

Hester Prynne trod the city streets, caught the laughter and gladness of all that makes life fair and she forgot—forgot the Scarlet Letter. And why? All because a little Babe was born in a barn over nineteen hundred years ago.

From platform and pulpit the gospel of His Divinity was launched forth to men. We were told of His being born to save a blundering world; were told that His love was ceaseless, that He was a Man of Sorrow. Told to forget our own pain, and to meditate more on the pain of others. He was a man that suffered pain. We were carried out of ourselves, beyond our existence by the new significance put into the words, "For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, A Saviour!"

We have been thrilled with the intensity of their meaning; thrilled so that we were forced to grope back over our yesterdays and acknowledge to ourselves, we had been living a lie.

We have been overwhelmed with His sublimity and majesty; His brightness has shone forth in flashes of lightning and it was impossible for us not to have recognized some higher glory. Now we have a question to ask you, Minnesota, a plea to put before you. Is the atmosphere still laden with gladness? Does He stand for your idea of an ideal man? Does His creed of universal love mean anything to you today? We would like to know, for our new law proclaims a chance for each of us, and it will send us out to mingle with you.

Are you your brother's keeper? We will not ask much of you. We will not infringe on your higher duties.

All we ask is this: don't whip us with the "has been" lash. Take us for what we will try to be, not for what we have been. Don't remind us of what we have lived, boost us for what we are going to live. Don't harp about our past, paint to us rather a glowing picture of our future. We are children, gone astray, wayward and erring. We felt the thrill of the Christ day, deep down in our hearts. We want to profit by the story of Him who lived and died to save such as we.

How is it with you today? Has the customary gloom settled over your towns and cities? Are the streets lonely? Are you cold and self-centered? Are you careless and indifferent to all beauty? Have you so soon, lost the influence that emanated from His birthday? Do you govern yourself by the law, "Love ye one another?"

We want to know, for by these things we can judge you, and by the same you will judge us. There is always room for progress towards our

ideals, no matter what our conditions or environments may be, and if you see the glorified humanity of Christ in the right light, then we, with our failures, may still look to you for encouragement in our "building up" efforts. We know what life has to offer in the way of misery, if we are scorned by you we may once more find ourselves on the edge of things where a flutter sways the balance. If you tell us that our recommendation, with its term of imprisonment, is not the best of references, then, we may cry out against the cruelty of society, cry out in the loneliness of a city supposed to contain human souls. We have been wanderers yet we have preserved some of our manhood. Don't sever the link that binds us to you; don't mock us in our misery; don't see humor in our damnation. There is in all of us a height, or depth, it depends on how the chords are touched. Christmas day was an appeal to you and to us, the something it stands for met a something in you, and in us. It will be earth's greatest triumph if you can, and will lift us up to your heights, especially if your chords are attuned with His divine strains. He who was born in a manger.

We have stopped gazing backward; we have shifted our point of view, and we look to you, O Minnesota, for the word of encouragement and cheer. We will not believe that we are lost, for the book with its wonderful love, tells us that a man cried out from his cross: "Lord, remember one when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." Yes, even the thief on the cross had a new birth. We will leave here full of hope, but class pride can and may play havoc with our hope. "It's up to us," you tell us,

but isn't it just a wee bit up to you? Shall we get the lift or the shove, the boost or the knock? Shall slander drive us away from the town wherein we dreamed our beautiful dreams, from the place where we forgot, and fell; where we lost in a mad moment, our manhood; where we forfeited our right to live and mingle with our kind? Or shall it be as a welcome, to one, "Who only went away on a journey?"

THE GREAT BLACK WAY.

THE GREAT WHITE WAY, it is called, and yet I know at least three persons who can bestow on it a better fitted name.

THE BOY who was unafraid after spending a few short weeks on it, gave it a different name. THE LITTLE COUNTRY GIRL who dared live on it but a short time, called it by another name. WHILE I, even I, who know it well, damn it and call it, the GREAT BLACK WAY.

The great lighted way is to me a picture of darkest night. I see a great part of all the broken faiths of humanity piled here in reckless abandon. The gay throng wears a mask and the merry peals of laughter are but artificial covering for hearts that sob. All of the faces lie. Read them through the mask and they express all the emotions of the human soul.

The momentous victories cannot efface the pain and the sorrow and the defeat, defeat of worthy ambition that was mired on the street of broken souls.

THE BOY, who was unafraid, entered the Great

Black Way with quick, eager step, with a freedom that bespoke the undefeated soul, free from the blights of disillusion and discord. But after a few months the Boy, who was unafraid, had seen it all, and then he grew afraid, afraid of the day. He came, he saw, and he was conquered. The juggernaut of the Black Way passed over him, and crushed out all the fellowship. Now he is a broken husk, unlovable and impossible, yet with no outward, dejected mien. The head is not bowed in helplessness; he laughs, and sighs and watches for the other fellow who is seeing the bright lights for the first time. But behind the mask is a cynic whom the street has bandoned and now but tolerates.

THE GIRL who dared, made a shrine of the Great Black Way. It was a golden way with its days of enchantment and flower decked joys. She laid her fresh, young soul down before the shrine. Then came the juggernaut. Its wheels are not padded, as the girl will know who places her faith on the street of Broken Hopes. Now for the GIRL who dared, the pink and white of the way looks stale and void of all coloring. Bitter, defeated and broken on life's road she passes on, and her laugh rings out in the merry madness and some times she sings, but she wears a mask for in the laughter and song is a false note, brought there because of the fear that some one will open the toll-gates of memory some day and she will grow afraid.

Oh! you poor, life-wrecked GIRL who dared, and BOY who was unafraid, I pity you, for I recall on my blue days and on days of gloom, the temptations and pitfalls to be found in that venturesome and wandering life along The Great Black Way.

MICKEY.

Yesterday he died, a wee bit of a lad hardly sixteen, just in the golden noon of his boyhood, and he died a convict, and now sleeps in a convict's grave. I do not know much about the lad, but what I saw of him attracted me. He was one of those quiet, unassuming chaps with a not unattractive habit of minding his own business while his smile was a sad, forlorn one, seen more often in a frail girl battling for health, rather than in a convict.

We wonder if heart-ache did not help to bring about his end, for he knew the sadness of a bleeding heart before his time. Many a hard thought must have found harbor in his breast, for through a mist of tears, he saw himself an exile from all the joys of fair boyhood, cast among the sternest realities of life, that might have been turned into the never can be. I would like to bring before all mothers, the lonely grave where our convict boy lies, and to bring to you the great big pity of it all, so that you may awaken to the fact that there are other boys on the road that leads to this prison.

There are hosts of boys who do not belong below the dead-line. We do not want them to come here. What are you doing to keep them from meeting the fate of the boy Mickey who has just died? There's a red headed boy making a trip in the patrol wagon today, and tonight in a dismal cell, he will cry and moan all night long. The path before that boy is a crooked one, as crooked as the checkered careers of those who went before him.

The police may call him Mickey, the thief, and

they may tell you he is a hopeless case, but it is false. Ask Mickey why he doesn't behave and he will answer: "Nobody gives me a show, they are always pinching me, they think I do everything."

There's many a Mickey ends here because he was misunderstood. Some deed is committed in St. Paul at two o'clock. Mickey did it! At ten minutes after two on the same day, some wrong is done in Minneapolis. The same Mickey did it! If you ask the police how such a thing could be done by Mickey with the distance so great they will answer: "The little Devil is everywhere." Once in a while some woman goes to the police station to comfort Mickey and she gives him a tract, then returns home with the consciousness of a duty well performed.

One does not know that the tract is on the "Evils of Dancing." Mickey does not read it, for it's something else Mickey wants. He wants some one to press him close, some one to love him. Perhaps you had a boy in the long ago, just the age of our boy and when he went out of your life, he left it very empty indeed. You moaned over his grave, and in after years you knew your life was incomplete. I want to bring up to you that lamplight of long ago. I want you to creep back into that hallowed past so that in your great sorrow you might think of the sorrows of the many neglected Mickeys on the dead-line of your town today. Your boy may not have committed sins that Mickey is sinning, but they both dreamed the same dreams.

Your boy had a bright future before him. Mickey has but a sorrowful destiny. I would that I could bring the tragedy of Mickey's life to you; lay open the little heart and show to you a thing bruised by

pain and agony, like as to a whip-lash on a naked soul.

There's many a home today where a mother still weeps for her son who died. Why not let some wandering Mickey have his place in your heart. Don't you think the boy up in Heaven would be glad to know you are making some heart glad "in his name and for his memory?" Let the mother in you be ever in a receiving mood and we will not have any boys dying in our prisons. I would like for you to creep into a bedroom tonight and gather together all the things your boy once wore. The sight of them may open the old wound; may pull upon your heart-strings so hard that you will go out into the highways and find some Mickey. You can put aside all legislation and administration by a heart throb. You can put to shame all machine made charity by opening your heart to Mickey, only love will win him. Tracts will never, never do it. Tracts came from a machine; love came from God. Some day we will awaken. We have been sleeping long. We will get untangled from the worldly web of false idealism, and then Mickey will come into his own. Some day when he stands up to receive sentence from a court there will be bands of white souled women begging for the chance to take him to their homes and we will bury no more children in a convict's grave.

This article has little to do with the manner in which Mickey offended the dignity of a great and powerful state. Only this, an outraged people sent the little boy to the great white prison to spend his life and in so doing threw up their hands saying "We cannot rectify the Great Cause so must put

all our energy into condemning the sequence." "Little boys" are not for prisons any more than the red-breasted robin is for a cage, and as the robin beats out its short life against its prison bars, so the little boy wearied of the whitened walls and longing for the open, as little boys will, beat his soul against the grated door. Thus the time came when he lay upon his narrow cot, while far away the church bells echoed over the hills and the last rays of the setting sun fell across the floor, crept up and rested for a moment on the head of the little boy who bartered, in a mad moment, his birthright. Above his head hung his striped coat, his badge of dishonor. A nurse in grey knelt beside the cot and moistened the little fevered lips with lumps of ice. A long-time-sentence man, but with a heart, mumbled from the book of common prayer, while afar off in the city a heart-broken mother sobbed out her sorrow, knowing that her boy was near to death. And there in the evening glow, with the sun sinking down in the west and the bells faintly calling away off yonder on the hillside, the little boy convict clutched his crucifix, heaved a gentle sigh and died. He had served his life sentence.

The tuning up of a violin is not sweet music, but if you listen carefully you will hear sweet strains at last. Mickey may not be an angel but if you care to try, you will surely find much hidden sweetness. Remember our boy who died, and that one time from the burning sands of Galilee came a great eternal

"Love ye one another."

WITH CLOSED EYES.

I closed my eyes at noon-day and looked out upon the world. I saw the torch of liberty, and freedom's flag, unfurled. And as I gazed, I saw strange things which brought this thought to me, Which of the twain are crucified, the bond slave, or the free? I saw a mill belch forth its flame amid its din and noise. I saw machines fed by the hands of little girls and boys. I saw them crushed by cruel hours, by routine and by rule, which made of "God's Sinai Law" a source of ridicule. I saw young girls, with tired eyes, ill-fed and scantily clad, in desperation leave the mill, to mingle with the bad. No hand held out to succor, ignored through mighty pride, they go down to their shamed defeat, and Christ's re-crucified. I saw the factory crosses, borne 'til life is done, and on each cross I saw hung up the bleeding form of one, who left a country farm-house, a hopeful country maid; lured by flaring advertisements that promised, then betrayed. I saw society calmly look with an unseeing eye while men went boldly through the land to shame and crucify. I saw men crushed by labor's wheel; young bodies marred and slain; some bore the look, O God, of Christ! Who bears the brand of Cain?

I saw the old-faced, little girls in tenements, obscure, I heard the mournful cry of them, born but to endure. No time for rest, for play, for prayer. A life of toil, no ease, dividends must be piled up by even "The Least of These." With toil their life blood given to quench King Mammon's thirst. I saw girls totter 'neath their load, by brutal drivers

cursed. I looked upon their helplessness and heard their bitter cry to a blind world, to wake and probe, love and rectify. And there I saw a mill-death, no hearse, no funeral grand. The "potter's field," six feet of earth, a barren unkept land, and then I thought of the Christ creed: Sisters all, and Brother, no matter what your station, Thou shalt love one another. We look too high and care too much for blue blood and its birth. Let's get a little closer to the "white slaves" of this earth. They cry aloud for help from us, cry sorely in their need. Show them that Christ still lives in you, show them your faith, your creed. "Wanted—a Man" the cry rings out to you by tongue and pen. "Wanted—a thousand Women" also "A thousand men" inspired by love and virtue who see their duty is to save the little tot from a master that drives it as a slave, that children may have some time for play between the cradle and the grave.

A TRIBUTE.

Scum of scum they called him, offspring of outcast and squaw, gambler, loafer, thief, men sitting before the night-fire spoke in whispers of the deeds he had done, of the food and clothing he gained by right of courage. Yet it was also told of him that he had one virtue in all of his wild, mad career, he had never wronged or insulted a woman. Men call him outcast, but I feel that over the "great divide," angels will take his one virtue into consideration when fixing his punishment, for virtue of any kind will not, and cannot go unrewarded.

THE MAN IN THE STRIPES.

(With apologies to Edwin Markham.)

Bowed by the might of prison toil, he leans
'Gainst his cell door and gazes at the stars,
The emptiness of life, shows in his face,
And on his back a suit of prison stripes.
Rapture is not for him, grim despair
Clings to him throughout the dismal years,
A thing that grieves, but ever, always hopes
That in the future, on some distant day,
He'll mingle with his fellowmen once more
And breathe the air of freedom and of God.
Is this the babe some mother suffered for,
Shook hands with Death to bring this life to birth?
Far better had he in his cradle died
Than live a victim of a penal plan.
Loves he the hand that put him where he is?
Does reformation's law appeal to him?
When he steps through those ponderous prison gates,
Who is the one to guide his feet aright?
Society wants none of him, he's only prey
To all man hunters and for all the years.
Lonely he must ever stumble on
In alien ways, until he falls again,
Blundering, blindly through the dusk of years
Unsatisfied, forgotten and unwept.
O, lawyers, judges and grim jurymen,
How will you rate upon a final day?
Can you look straight into Eternal Eyes,
Speak truth before the Auditor above?

How will you answer for your thoughtlessness?
For in the balance many men you've weighed.
How will you weigh in that grand balance, when
Upon the scales depend Eternity?

CHEER UP.

Be a booster and a smiler, yes, you can
Tell, and prove there is a brotherhood of man;
Brag about the sun a-shining,
'Bout dark clouds with silver lining,
And on worry, fret and pining
Place a ban.

On the brightness of tomorrow lay your bet.
Never soul has ever lost it, not as yet.
If you do not trouble borrow,
You can claim that your tomorrow
Will not hold a bit of sorrow
Not a fret.

Preach aloud the creed of sunshine, good and true,
Take your brightness from the heavens, deep and blue.
Go your way and sing a song
And you'll see as you go long
Folks will pause out in the throng
To smile at you.

When you see a brother down, a broken thing,
Say a word to comfort him and ease the sting.
Get to doing every day

Some good deed along the way
So the world may rise and say
Love is King.

XMAS MUSINGS.

Somewhere tonight some heart is made the lighter,
Somewhere a word of cheer instead of blame,
Somewhere a soul is now a bit more whiter
Because of something said, done in His Name.
Somewhere a girlie, sinned 'gainst more than sinning
Creeps up to see the Baby in the straw,
Somewhere, tonight, a new life is beginning
Because of Him (not brought about by law).
Somewhere, tonight, a mother's tears are falling.
Somewhere an Ishmael kneels, and then a blur
He sends His voice, outward, upward, calling
To God for help and strength, because of Her,
Somewhere She kneels, Ah, who can unite the Glory?
Bent with the toil of years, long used to prayer,
She sends aloft the oft repeated story,
Asks God to watch o'er him, out there, somewhere.

MY WISH.

Some day I must take thirty from the hook;
When that times comes, I pray you all, forget
The time I was an outcast; lived a crook;
For on that day I pray that you may let
Me lie in some charmed spot, where children go
To play and romp with happy laugh and song;

I think, perhaps, that I might catch the glow,
The purity that I had missed, so long.

Oh! Do not lay me where the wild winds blow,
I've had enough of wildness, let me rest
In some calm spot where only flowers grow,
And have some little maid, place on my breast,
With simple prayer, a rose of purest white.
A rose of white because by Angels kissed;
Ah! Yes when I have bid the world, good-night
I'll want at last the things I've always missed.

SUCCESS.

I do not know the end of all my planning,
The future wears a veil, I cannot see;
But this I feel; the Master in His scanning
Holds out some Hope for me.

I do not know what lies far in the distance,
I am content to watch today, and wait!
I know my path, the one of least resistance,
For I've been given Faith.

I cannot claim all world joys are denied me,
I have one boon to ask, one only plea;
That I may live that those around may see
I claim some Charity.

I know not if my future holds more sweetness,
I only pray the watchful One above
Will strengthen me, so I may win completeness,
Keep warm my heart with love.

HOPE.

Rudderless like a derelict at sea
I rose and fell,
I drifted and moaned in my misery
My path a hell.
And yet a truth has been taught to me
Came into my red torn agony,
And all is well.

Into the depths you stretched forth a hand
One golden day,
And I who had scoffed now understand
The brighter way,
For the truth in your eyes I cannot forget,
That bids me put by all care and all fret
And kneel to pray.

Today I'm praying for what I've done
(In good cheer).
Life still is good at the set of the sun,
You taught me, dear,
That I can be yet what I want to be,
Last night a convict, today, I'm free,
The goal seems near.

You drove away all hate from my eyes
No trouble I borrow,
I shall not bring you a bundle of lies
To cause you sorrow.
Nothing but truth and sincerity
Then hand in hand, dear, you and me,
Face our tomorrow.

THE PROBLEM OF THE REPEATER.

By Rollo H. McBride.

The matter of handling men discharged from prison in such a manner that they will not return there is not to be mastered by maudlin sentiment. It is a problem in economics. If the powers that rule permitted live stock to be treated after the fashion, and with as little mental direction, as convicts are treated, public opinion would swiftly make itself felt upon the subject. After a somewhat protracted study of the subject, and carefully striving to understate rather than to overstate, I am justified in the assertion that fully fifty per cent of the men and women sentenced to imprisonment for trivial offenses for shorter or longer terms should never be locked up at all. I am not arguing the case, I am merely stating the fact. Here is a frightful waste of manhood and womanhood. The most expensive blunder of the city of Chicago is the arresting of seventy thousand persons annually. If a captain of industry were to conduct a trust business along such extravagant and stupid lines for the period of a year it would spell bankruptcy for the stockholders.

My beliefs were not born of books. I myself am a product of that Underworld of which the newspaper men make "copy," and the preachers, text. With despair in my heart, and the suicide urge in my brain, I have tramped the desert of stone and steel called Chicago, and knocked at the doors of

many "missions." Most of these are manned by sincere men and women anxious to serve in all good causes. They desire to help the unfortunate and the fallen, and they do help them in ways often unseen of human eye. Heaven forbid that I should take up the easy pose of censor of any of these instruments for the alleviation of human misery. All, all in their manner and after their kind, are helpful.

But what is it a discharged prisoner needs when he is turned out of the Chicago House of Correction with a nickel in his pocket? If he is friendless, without shoes, without clothes, food or lodging, what is he to do? Where is he to turn? In a word, what is his prime need? Clearly, his need is credit; credit, the life force of modern civilization. No starving man can be normal or sane. Picture for a moment, if you please, the mental attitude toward the world of the discharged convict with but a nickel in his pocket, his feet sticking out of his shoes, his clothes dirty, torn and frayed, without one available friend to whom to apply, without food, or a hole to crawl into to sleep, with the brand of the jail upon him, and the haunting fear that he may not be able to "make good" and as a result be forced back to the practices that lead again to the Bridewell. Picture that man's outlook upon life. If you who read these words were in that position, would you wish anyone to pray with you, or exhort you to be "good," or invite you to come to Jesus and be "saved?" I have been there. I have had well-meaning persons hand me that kind of thing when I was starving, and with a "God bless you, Brother," turn and leave me helpless and hopeless in my desperate, despairing mis-

ery. And I say, with all courtesy, and with every desire to avoid giving offence, that that is not Christianity. The authentic need, then, of the discharged prisoner is credit. Credit for food, credit for clothes, credit for lodging, credit with some employer that he is eager and willing to walk straight, and a certification to that effect from some responsible individual in the community who is willing to take a chance on the man.

Given these credits it is then up to the discharged prisoner himself to make good. No one can save his brother's soul to be sure, but he can give that brother the opportunity to help save himself. When that is done everything is done.

In November, 1909, some big hearted business men of Chicago gave me the funds to open "The Parting of the Ways Home" in Twenty-second Street at its junction with Clark Street. This is the centre of Chicago's vice district, the sordid section with the sense of shame unknown. The Home was founded upon the basic idea that if a man is worth saving he is worth treating like a gentleman. To treat a man like a man is to trust him. To treat him like an equal is not to preach at him or admonish him to be this or that. The instant you begin to preach to another that instant you arrogate to yourself a superiority of virtue that quite naturally arouses antagonism in the other fellow's mind. Another thing; if you tell a man that you are interested in him, and will not back the statement by DOING something for him, the man knows instinctively that you do not mean what you say. The person who professes an interest in a man's soul but will do nothing for his body is a first-class humbug. In this

light the word dis-interest must be eliminated from human affairs. There is no such thing as disinterest. To deny interest is to deny Christ, to deny Life.

"The Parting of the Ways Home" was opened then in order to extend to the down and out chap a new credit with the General Interest, with Society. How has the idea worked out in practice? Admirably, in all ways. I dislike statistics and do not wish to inflict them upon the reader. But "The Home" has to its credit the taking of several hundred discharged prisoners fresh from the Bridewell and restoring them to lives of usefulness and self-respect. In the first two years we received 1452 men and secured positions for 1080. In each case, naturally, individual treatment is called for. I never preach at the boys who come to me. And I do not permit other people to preach at them, either. "The Home" is neither a "mission" nor a church. We have never permited nor shall we permit "The Home" to be turned into a show place for the purpose of parading the boys before the professional philanthropists. The boys are not associating with us for the purpose of being made "good" but for the purpose of being made good for something. Mere static "goodness" I have never been able to understand, anyway. A man is good for something or he is not. If he is not good for something, I fail to understand how he can be good for anything.

The man who did more than any other in aiding me to get "The Home" under way was the Hon. McKenzie Cleland. When Judge Cleland was sitting in the Municipal Court at the Maxwell Street Police Station he became deeply interested in the conditions of the men who appeared before him.

When Judge Cleland was on the bench he released on probation some 1,500 prisoners upon their promise to reform. Only one man afterwards, so far as learned, broke faith. About eight per cent violated their pledge to stop drinking, but none of them committed crime. Judge Cleland is the father of adult probation in Chicago. He is one with me in the belief that fifty per cent of the men committed to the House of Correction for trivial offenses should never be sent there at all.

John L. Whitman, the Warden of the House of Correction, is the authority for the statement, based on the figures, that since the starting of "The Parting of the Ways Home" the number of regulars being received at the House of Correction has dwindled twenty-two per cent.

It costs the city of Chicago $9.00 to send a man to the House of Correction, and only $4.99 to make him a good citizen at "The Parting of the Ways Home." Over 12,000 men are released from the House of Correction every year. In nearly every instance when these men are freed after serving their terms their credit is exhausted in every direction. In a majority of instances, of course, their credit was exhausted before they were locked up. To open the books with society again for these men and extend to them a new line of credit—that is the function of such institutions as "The Parting of the Ways Home." When "The Home" fails to give the down and out man who seems deserving of it a fresh credit, then the institution will fail of its purpose. Such institutions are not working miracles. If a man's nerve cells are broken down, we cannot rebuild them. Some men who come to me are past

the dead line of human hope or aid. For them there is pity—is sympathy, if you please—but "The Home" is not for them. This is a world of actuality and Life is a march and a battle. It's a good deal more than a dress parade at any stage of the game. For the man who has dropped out of the ranks and wishes to "come back" and has the red blood to back his ambition, there should be a place for him to take his first step in the procession. Such a home should be distinctly not the place for the drone the shirker or the coward. For the man who is strong and wise enough to recognize that he alone is the master of his fate and the "captain of his soul," the latch-string ought to be always out.

Let us look a few facts in the face. If a man is arrested on the Fourth of July for harboring an overflow of patriotism in his system, he is sentenced to seven months in the workhouse, serves his time, gets a few days off for good conduct and on Christmas Eve he is liberated.

When he was arrested he wore a summer suit, low cut shoes, a straw hat and gauze underwear. His clothes were stored away when he began his sentence, and prison garb was provided for his use.

It is Christmas Eve, and all the world is looking for Santa Claus, the children are gathered in thousands of churches to sing and say speeches about the Christ who came to bring "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men."

An iron gate creaks and a poor shivering, half-scared stranger steps from the prison in a summer suit, low cut shoes, straw hat and gauze underwear. He has just been given five cents by the prison officials. He has been staked, it's up to him to make good.

This is not the saddest part of our story, for perchance we may have a woman to deal with, as is frequently the case.

Think of a woman, maybe your own flesh and blood, turned loose upon society with five cents as her available assets. Can we wonder that she gives up the struggle, yields to the temptations of the city's depravity, falls into the toils of the cunning ones who live on the weakness of their fellows?

Some day the state will take care of its released prisoners, just as the up-to-date church looks after its new converts, or the business college looks after its graduates.

If the National Harvester Company were to sell farm machinery giving as little thought to repairing and replacing the weak parts as society does in dealing with the most delicate, intricate and wonderful machine ever constituted—man—it would go broke inside of a year.

If a doctor were to have a sick man come to him a hundred different times with the same complaint, he would be considered a criminal Quack if he were to prescribe the same medicine continuously, when he saw it did no good.

Yet that is exactly what the court does. It sends the same patient to the work house for as many as a hundred times. Each visit only weakens the victim. It is the duty of the state to make it as hard as possible to do wrong and as easy as possible to do right.

We aim to drive out anger and revengeful thoughts which corrode the heart that generates them by instilling love, sympathy and hope, coupled with material help for the ex-convict, who needs help, to help himself.

Analysis of the first one thousand men received at the "Home," showing countries and creeds:

Countries.		Church.	
402	Americans	496	Catholics
207	Irish	127	Methodists
102	Colored	94	Baptists
85	Germans	89	Lutherans
35	Polish	71	Presbyterians
32	English	44	Episcopalians
28	Scotch	18	Congregational
22	Sweden	15	Jews
15	Jews	14	Ch. of England
12	Bohemia	13	Christian
11	Norway	5	Reformed
9	France	3	Christian Science
8	Austria	3	Unitarian
7	Italian	2	United Presby.
7	Russia	2	Disciple
6	Denmark	1	Evangelical
3	Finland	1	Ch. Catholic Zion
2	Wales	1	Nazarine
2	Canada	1	United Bro.
1	Japan		
1	Spain		
1	Hungary		
1	Ludwig		
1	Holland		
1,000		1,000	

24 countries; 19 creeds.

P. S. Since this article was written a new Parting of the Ways Home has been started at 32 Lacock St., Pittsburgh, Pa., with Rollo H. McBride in charge.—Ed.

COURTS FOR THE POOR.

Any one who has ever attended a police court, squire's trial, or watched the legal proceedings of the officers that have to do with the poor, the needy, the unfortunate, the down-and-outer has been shocked at the speed with which the victims are run through the legal mill.

The writer once saw a young man, who lived in Piedmont, W. Va., arrested outside the corporate limits, charged with stealing chickens at Luke, Md. The Mayor of Piedmont was kept from sending this young fellow to the penitentiary in West Virginia for stealing chickens in Maryland only because it was the Maryland officials who had arrested him and claimed the right to try him in that state, so they took him to Westernport, Md., and arraigned him before a man whose sign above his so-called office announced to all the world that he was a "Justice of the 'Piece.'" At this hearing it was unmistakably proven that it was this young man's father and brother who stole the chickens, whereupon the Judge, who used his vest as an adjunct to a cuspidor, sentenced his victim to serve a year in the Maryland reformatory for living (in West Virginia) without visible means of support. He served his time.

Compare his case with that of Harry K. Thaw or any other rich or well-to-do man or woman who has money to pay a lawyer to twist and untwist the legal tangles just as long as the ducats are forthcoming.

We have heard much of reforming the judiciary,

recalling judges and their decisions, but all of this is only for the upper class. What is needed is the abolition of the fee system whereby "artificials" of every type are made to prosper by the misfortune of others.

All judges should be elected at a salary to serve the people instead of serving the ordinary understrappers who live by the lucre they coin from crime.

Kansas has made a start in the right direction in establishing courts for the poor.

At least $3,000,000 in small unpaid debts is lost to the poor in the United States annually because they have not the means to bring prosecution, according to Judge Eli Nirdlinger of the small debtors' court, which was established at Leavenworth, Kansas, May 1st.

The small debtors' court, the first of its kind in the United States, was established entirely for the poor, who are unable to deposit costs or to employ a lawyer. Provision for the court was made in a law drafted by the attorney general of Kansas, John S. Dewson.

Mayors or councils of cities of the first class may appoint a judge to sit in the court or, in the case of counties, the county courts make the appointment. Leavenworth is the first city to take advantage of the law.

All that is required of a plaintiff in the small debtors' court is to show that he is too poor to make a deposit for the costs or to employ counsel. Upon such showing, he is permitted to file his complaint. The judge then summons the defendants. The service may be oral, by mail or telephone. On appearance of the defendant, the case is tried. The judge

inquires into the merits of the case and renders his judgment according to justice of the complaint.

No lawyer or any other than defendant and plaintiff are allowed to take part in the litigation. The defendant may, however, appeal his case to the higher courts, providing that such appeal is accompanied by a bond in double the amount of the judgment and $15 additional for the payment of a lawyer to prosecute the case for the plaintiff in the district court.

In the debtors' court no costs are assessed or charged to either party. The defendant pays the debt, if the judge decides he owes it, and is discharged.

Since the establishment of the court forty cases have been disposed of. Every cent paid into the court was due unfortunate persons who were unable to collect money due them for work, because they couldn't afford to go into the district courts and stand the expense of costs and attorney's fee.

The litigants included carpenters, plasterers, house cleaners, washerwomen, dressmakers, cooks and waiters. Judge Nirdlinger, who is a former judge of the Leavenworth county district court, serves in debtors' court without compensation.

"It is surprising," he said, "that people of means show such neglect in the payment of the poor for the labor they perform. Among the claims that came before the court was one against a lawyer who owed a poor washerwoman $18.46 for more than two years. Upon notice from the debtors' court the claim was paid promptly."

On the first day that Judge Nirdlinger sat in his court, he had the folllowing cases before him:

Bill for $11.90 for painting barn and back of fence. Paid.

Bill for $2.70 for washing for family for two weeks. Paid.

Bill for 55 cents for washing for bachelor. Paid.

Bill for $20 of waiter in restaurant; $10 ordered paid and case settled.

"According to the figures I have gathered, and from the money paid into this court since its establishment, there must be at least $3,000,000 lost to the poor in the United States annually in small debts that simply go by the board," said Judge Nirdlinger.

"Every lawmaker in the country should see that his state enacts such a law. It is the greatest thing that ever happened in Kansas to protect the poor working people from being cheated out of their just claims."

Lincoln Steffins has said: "There will come a time when crime will disappear, but that time will never come or be hastened by the building of jails and penitentiaries and scaffolds. It will only come by changing the conditions of life under which men live and suffer and die."

This move to establish courts for the poor is a step forward and one that means a **now** and **here** effort to bring about that very condition that Steffins has foretold.

FORTY YEARS OF SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

Forty years in solitary confinement! What for? Picture will you a lad of only eleven years of age, being sent to the Reform School, and again we ask what for? Because he and another boy were supposed to have whipped a saloon keeper's son, and this tender hearted agent of mercy, who had never brought trouble into a home, this friend of the drunkards' children, this orphans' protector, this saintly bloat, who had made his money out of the wrecked homes and wasted lives of his patrons, offered $500.00 for the arrest of the boys who had trounced his own dear, little weakling, who couldn't take what every boy has had, a sound thrashing.

Everyone who has studied into the antiquated methods of most of our present reform schools can guess at what these juvenile crime hot houses must have been forty years ago.

Still the record of the boy's service shows that he was promoted and never punished while at the school, and his own testimony is that he saw little to criticise while there. But when he returned home he began to pay the real price of his supposed crime.

A young girl by the name of Kittie Curran suddenly and strangely disappeared, and of course the finger of suspicion was pointed at once to the Pomeroy boy as he had just returned from the reform school.

Then a boy was found murdered in the Boston Marsh and soon the officers were certain that no

one could have committed these horrible deeds but an ex-convict. The whole story is a revolting one, and its details have almost been lost in the labyrinth of time, but the verdict of that jury, as commuted by the governor, still stands as one of Massachusetts' unfinished tasks.

The great state that gave the lyceum its birth and its first real purpose, the state that wept over the sins of black slavery in the South, the state that morally gagged every time the word "bondage" was mentioned, has for forty years maintained a worse form of slavery than ever existed in South Carolina and the New Orleans slave mart, which stirred the soul of Abraham Lincoln to righteous wrath was an altar of justice as compared to the den of gloom where this human being, made in the image of his Creator, has been confined for forty long years. To me, Simon Legree was a merciful benefactor as comparel to Warden Russell, who for twenty-one years has carried out the blind verdict of a jury, perhaps long since dead.

There are only two conclusions that a thinking mind can arrive at. First, this man, Jesse Pomeroy, is a degenerate, unsound of reason, with defective mental and moral faculties. If this be true, he should have had medical treatment, he should have been in a hospital, had fresh air, God's sunshine, a mother's love in more constant potions, not a monthly capsuled dose. Shame on the state! Thrice shame on the officials if Jesse Pomeroy is as described!

Second, he is sane, fully equipped, mentally and morally; therefore responsible for his every act and his punishment has been deserved.

More shame to the stupidity of those who wish to be looked up to as reformers, who prate of their large percentage of regenerated souls who have been saved to the world after having tarried for a spell in their paradise regained! More shame to the stupidity of those who are still administering the same treatment that a dead jury, and perhaps a dead governor, have prescribed. Surely this is another case of "The Calf Path" described by Sam Walter Foss. It is on a plane with the doctors who bled George Washington to death to cure a cold "A little vestige of that cold still remains," said the medicine men, and again they let still more blood, and the pow-wow was kept up until death ended the farce tragedy.

If forty years of solitary confinement has failed to cure Jesse Pomeroy, then in God's name, in humanity's name, how many more years must this antiquated, inhuman remedy be adminstered before the patient is cured, or like "the father of his country," dies in the process of being cured?

Either Jesse Pomeroy ought to be given the liberty that he has earned, or he ought to be treated as a sick man. Which shall it be?

Read, will you, this pitiful letter:

47 Pearl St., North Weymouth, Mass.,
February 3, 1913.

Mr. Fred High.

Dear Sir: Your letter of January 14th came safe. Should have answered sooner, but I am old and feeble and there are days I cannot write. The book of "Prison Problems" also came. I am deeply interested in it and thank you and those with you that

are interested; if you and your friends can do something for my son, you will have the heartfelt thanks of a mother that has suffered all these years. I have tried repeatedly for years in my son's behalf, but you see I am only a woman and we have no influence so they shut me off.

When Governor Foss was elected I thought he might do something. I went to him and he received me very kindly. I talked with him over three hours and I came away hopeful, but somehow there has been nothing done.

I have never believed my son guilty of these crimes, NEVER! I never had any trouble with him until we moved to South Boston. It was there I received my death blow. We moved to South Boston the first of August, 1871. Jesse was born in Charleston and we lived there. He went to school with other children and lived in the house with another son and never had any complaints of him. He grew up as others did, was a happy and bright boy. About a year before we moved to South Boston, there was a liquor dealer's son in Chelsea, a boy, beaten and whipped. It was said at the time there were two high school boys that whipped him and went in the direction of Everett. My boy was only eleven years old then, but the father of the boy offered a reward of five hundred dollars for their apprehension. As I said, we moved to South Boston after Jesse commenced to go to the Biglow grammar school. He only went twenty days. We were strangers there and there were some boys whipped and the police knew we were strangers. Jesse says he was coming up Broadway and he stopped and looked in at station 6. He said a police-

man came out and took him inside. They kept him until about 6 p. m., then they came to my house and asked about Jesse and said they thought he was the boy that whipped the Chelsea boy a year before. I told them he could not be the one for he was too young, but they kept him and would not let me see Jesse and the next morning he was taken to Boston. They did not give me time to get a lawyer: there was no warrant served, they had it all their own way and sent him to the reform school. I have always thought if we would have had a lawyer to have looked into this case that Jesse would not have been sent to the reform school, and those officers who got the reward would not have had things their own way as they did.

I did not know what to do. I was completely paralyzed. I always had a horror of those institutions and it almost killed me to have Jesse go there. I visited Jesse at the reform school and they always spoke well of him. He never was punished there. He was there over a year and they let him come home. I can see now I should not have stayed in South Boston when he come home. I ought to have moved away, but I did not realize what was before me. This was the beginning of our trouble and I have written to you so you might know the beginning.

Jesse came home in February and the 18th day of March there was missing a girl eleven years old and it was said she was carried away in a team. It was talked in my place, as we kept a little store in Broadway across from where we lived. The store was once a large store, but they made two stores by putting a metal board partition through the center.

There was a family who lived overhead and two men who kept the other half of the store on the right, and one cellar under the whole. The family upstairs kept their wood and coal in the cellar, but I did not use the cellar, as I kept my coal across the street where I lived. I did quite a little business at dressmaking and everything went well until the 22nd of April it seems there was a small boy found murdered on the marsh a mile or more from where we lived.

Some one started the story that the Pomeroy boy being at home he might have done the deed. There was no suspicion against him otherwise than this. The officers came and arrested him. Of course there was great excitement and some went so far as to say he had made away with the girl. There was so much talk that they sent officers and searched the cellar. They found nothing. There being so much talk I closed up my store the last day of May. I procured counsel for my son and we expected everything would come out all right and my son would be proven innocent. I had plenty of work; the store was sold to a Mr. Nash, a grocery man; there were some repairs and had been nearly in the place nine days when, on the 18th day of July, they found a body supposed to be the girl, missing. Now they had searched that cellar, I am told, a number of times and found nothing, yet when this body was found it was not utterly covered only a little ashes strewn over it. We did not put any ashes in the cellar. Now if Jesse killed that girl she must have been there four months from the 18th day of March until the 18th day of July. I am sending you a little pamphlet. It is very much worn, but is the

only one I have left, besides the original writing, written by him after his trial. I am afraid it will be hard for you to read it, but it is the best I can do. You will see by this he was tried and convicted of murder in the first degree. When arrested he was fourteen years and four months old. Mr. Gaston, who was governor, did not act in the case and left it until Mr. Rice was elected governor. He with the counsel commuted the sentence to solitary confinement for life. This is why Jesse is kept in solitary confinement. He is not allowed to go to chapel or have any of the privileges that the other inmates have, subject to all the punishments but to none of the privileges.

Warden Bridges has been warden here eighteen or twenty years and he has carried out the sentence to the full extent; there is no one allowed to see Jesse but me. I go to see him once a month unless he is not under punishment, and he is allowed to write me once a month. He has been trying for the last seven years to get the records of his case, but they will not let him have them. He wanted a lawyer some three years ago. I wrote and appealed to the Suffolk Bar and told them he was friendless, but no one responded.

Jesse was only a boy of a little over fifteen years when he went to Charlestown States Prison. In his solitude he put himself down to study and has succeeded in educating himself. He has never been punished for anything but digging out of his cell. This he has done, the closer they kept him confined the more he tries to get out. Jesse is not a stupid man. He is a learned man and could do a great deal of good if out. He has already served a

life-time and ought to come home, but you see the people do not know the real "Jesse Pomeroy," no one gets to see him and he is friendless with the exception of his mother. I can do but little; I am old, over seventy, and I feel my time is short here, but through all these years I have cherished the hope that before I passed away I might have my son with me once more. He has just been under punishment for getting out of his cell, what few privileges he had were taken away and they put him in the dark, solitary cell on bread and water for six days. I do not know what he did do. I went over to see him, but was told he was under punishment and could not see him until after the fourth of February. It was very hard for me as I am feeble and it is quite a journey, a storm came up and I had a hard time getting home.

I am very sorry this has happened. It has been twelve years since he has done anything before this last attempt. I only wish some one could get to see him and they would find a very different man than he has been represented. In one of my visits to him I was talking to one of the officers about Jesse and he said to me that Jesse is a most cheerful prisoner, there is not a bit of harm in him. I have prayed to God to raise up friends to help my son and to keep him. I do believe He has heard my prayer. I thank God that I have been spared to visit my son and bring a little encouragement to him in his silent life.

Please excuse this letter. Do not know as you can read it. Thank you for your kindness and hope and pray you may be able to do something for my son and may God give you and those with you suc-

cess in bringing about the reforms of prisons and those who have fallen by the wayside.

Very truly,

(Signed) Mrs. Ruth A. Pomeroy.

Harry A. Rothrock, a young minister, recently made an investigation of this case and Warden Russell said to him:

"Jesse Pomeroy is an ordinary prisoner causing no trouble, only trying to escape."

That disposes of one myth which always pictured the prisoner as a degenerate, morally and mentally unsound. Why is he held in solitary confinement?

The warden says that the people of the state are so bitter against him that if they would let him out, some one would kill him; the people would lynch him.

Is Massachusetts the state that is always railing against the south for lynching negroes? Did you ever hear of a southern mob lynching a negro forty years after a crime had been committed?

Upon the warden's own testimony Jesse Pomeroy should at least be treated as an ordinary prisoner. This Simon Legree of cultured Boston outdoes the famous slave driver that Mrs. Beecher set to the task of killing Uncle Tom in that he gloats over the fact that Pomeroy is given an hour every day in which to fill his system with pure air. There is a window in his cell, sayeth this kind keeper. There are also electric lights in his den and the Boston Theologic student was surprised at the cleanliness and convenience of the cell-rooms. Sleeping in a toilet room is certainly the acme of sanitary conditions and ought to be conducive of great spirituality.

The reason why this prisoner can't even be allowed to attend the prison concerts, as given by the warden, is that he committed a number of indescribable horrors when he was a boy, forty years ago. Witches of the Pilgrims save us from such a forgiving spirit.

Governor Eugene Foss was then appealed to as follows: "Is Jesse Pomeroy mentally sound, therefore responsible for his acts? If so, don't you think that he has suffered enough for the crimes that he is supposed to have committed, and why shouldn't he have at least the freedom of the penitentiary the same as an ordinary criminal? Will you kindly state what the objection would be to giving him a pardon? Surely he has suffered enough to merit his release.

"If he is mentally unsound and irresponsible, why isn't he given medical treatment instead of punishment? It is our purpose to try to raise a fund to come to the relief of this man and his aged mother, and I would thank you very much if you would give me any facts as you may have them."

The Governor answered: "Pomeroy's sanity has never been questioned. He is a moral degenerate of the worst type. It would be utterly useless for you to try and raise money to come to the relief of this man; because public sentiment in this commonwealth is entirely adverse to his liberation, the general feeling being that he is not a safe man to be at large."

We preach in thunderous tones about the cowardice of Pontius Pilate who listened to the mob two thousand years ago, but how many sermons have been hurled at this political flip-flopper whose record as a political turn-coat finally became such a stench

in the nostrils of the old Bay State electorate that at the last election he was thoroughly repudiated as a candidate for re-election, polling about one-tenth as many votes as his own Lieutenant Governor polled.

Ohio has had a case almost similar to the Pomeroy disgrace. For twenty years a human being has been pilloried and for three years his meals were passed into his cell on a pole, but when Governor Cox was elected he walked right in where the poor trembling, cowardly guards were afraid to venture even when armed with rifles, billies, and other accoutrements of both the murderer and coward.

Today Ohio's incorrigible, her brutal murderer, has the privilege of the yards, he is harmless under kind treatment whereas he was a demon when handled by demons.

Governor Cox said: "If there's anything that society has tried and made complete failure of, it is the old time method of dealing with so-called criminals."

Massachusetts has tried for forty years to crush, torture, and brutalize Jesse H. Pomeroy and at the end of this period we find her Governor sanctioning the inhuman treatment that is still being inflicted upon this man as a punishment for a crime he is said to have committed forty years ago.

Pomeroy is even denied the privilege of attending the concerts. Even the religious services, which in the light of the prison practices are the cheapest mockery, are for the others but not for him.

But think of a so-called newspaper like the Boston Post stooping to the pusillanimous infamy of coining a mother's tears into pennies by the sale of a few extra copies of its miserable sensational "Extras."

July 30th this miserable rag belched forth with scare-heads that announced the blood-curdling news that Pomeroy had tried again to escape. He was foiled, ah yes, just at the psychological moment, the guard woke up and found Pomeroy had two rusty nails and a cotton string in his cell. With these formidable instruments he would have sawed the iron bars, murdered the state officials, surrounded the National guard, and in the twinkling of an eye he would have had the old Bay State shoved into the ocean. Horrors!

Governor Foss has said that much of this feeling against this poor fellow has been created by the yellow journalism of his state; that the sensational reports about his attempts to break out have been manufactured out of nothing.

What manner of man is Jesse H. Pomeroy? Let us read one of his own letters written to his mother for it is a good key to the whole mystery.

Charlestown, Mass., April 17, 1913.

Dear Mother:

I write you my usual monthly letter in the hope that all is well with you, and that you are looking ahead, with some expectation of a change for the better, at no distant date. Your letter of April 4th reached me, and I am greatly cheered to know that some are thinking of my good, and that some effort is being made in my behalf. We are grateful to those fearless souls, who are moved to do and dare for me, because my case has ever been misrepresented, and there is a determination to hide the true state of affairs. Those friends have an inkling of the truth which has been so carefully hushed up all these years, and we must do our part to put them

in possession of our side of the case, to strengthen their hands, that they may speak with confidence, and act intelligently in the matter. This it is our lawful privilege to do, no matter what anyone may think on the subject. Our family affairs are in our own hands, to be dealt with as we see fit.

For that reason we have a right to get a lawyer, and we have a right to present our case properly to him, so he may know what is at stake, and act accordingly. I trust that you have brought to the attention of Mr. High and his associates, all that is said of my case in my letter of March 18, 1913. It will give them all the facts they need, as a determination is evident to deny to me an opportunity to furnish a complete copy of the records in my case; but that fact need not cause any worry. Any one can go to the State House of the Suffolk Co. Social Law Library, and get copies of the records in my case and Mr. High or any one can write to Mr. J. Cronin, clerk of the Suffolk Co. Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and get copies of all the documents I filed in 1906, asking a writ of error. These will put our friends in possession of every essential thing except what relates to the charge of torture and the testimony of the coroner Dr. Allen, which I did not know of in 1906, and which I fully explained in that letter of March 1st, giving a full list of all documents, which must be obtained from the State House; but first get those from the Supreme Court. The numbers are: 1, 2, 3, 4, 9, 10, 737. The charge will not be much, if anything at all, and I think we should help our friends and get these things ourselves, and then let Mr. High use them. I hope you have laid this before Mr. Warren. Tell him I am

anxious to have him name a fearless man, who will do this for us, and that I will pay the bill. It should not take a week, and $5.00 a day, I can, and will account for. Let me know at once what Mr. Warren says. It may not cost $5.00 a day either.

The misconduct of the chief justice at my trial, in the underhand and whispered communications he had with the jury, for which he was censured finally by Judge Morton, his colleague, and the audible protest by the audience, "you are taking advantage of that boy," will clearly prove the unrighteousness of the proceedings, in violation of law, at my trial, for the chief justice had no excuse to act so. We need a lawyer to investigate.

Tell my friends I am refused opportunity to get a lawyer, refused the documents in my case, as per list of March 18, 1913, have had no hearing, no decision on the merits of my case, all of which is in violation of the laws of Massachusetts.

I got the papers you left me. I hope Charles is well and has seen you. My regards to all. Holiday comes the 19th. I hope you will enjoy the day. Our visit is due the 20th.

I trust the rain is over and that fair weather will push spring time along that crops may have an early start. Your son,

(Signed) JESSE H. POMEROY.

Why don't the guards, keepers, and state officials treat Pomeroy with greater kindness?

Why didn't Tammany Hall reform before it was knocked out? Why don't policemen throw away their clubs? Why don't thieves reform while they are stealing, why wait until they are caught?

What—ask those men to say they have been wrong all these years in keeping Jesse Pomeroy in solitary confinement? Turn state's evidence against themselves? It's too much to hope for.

But what is needed is for every one who reads this story to write a letter to Governor David F. Walsh and ask him to at least treat Pomeroy as a human being, to give him the privileges of the yard, the benefits of the entertainments, the blessings of the chapel, and if it is not asking too much to give ear to the pleas of this dear mother who has suffered hell on earth.

How long does it take a lie to die? Dr. Frederick A. Cook has spent a fortune, yea more, he has spent four years trying to overcome that same brand of manufactured public opinion that has been fed by the yellow journals and venal press. Dr. Cook has found that the battle with Polar hardships was child's play as compared with his battle to maintain his honor and self respect in the face of the onslaught that was forced on him by one of the meanest cowards of all time, the Sultan of the North.

What show then has poor Pomeroy when he finds himself the victim of a cruel conspiracy and a hungry mob of newspaper scribblers who are willing to convert an aged widow's tears into slander for scare-heads?

Why can't we try kindness, love and patience, abolish brutality, and barbarity, and see if Jesse H. Pomeroy is not a man who will respond to humane appeals? Who knows but that he may even yet take his place in the world of usefulness to comfort and cheer his faithful old mother who has stood by him through all these years, faithful and true; watching,

waiting, working and hoping against hope that her boy will yet be given back to her.

Clarence Darrow, Chicago's noted Criminal and Labor Attorney, in that now famous Plea in His Own Defense to the Jury that exonerated him of the charge of bribery at Los Angeles, Calif., said:

"I want to say that, when you know the man, no matter whom—I have known men charged with crime in all walks of life, burglars, bankers, murderers—when you come to touch them and meet them and know them, you feel the kinship between them and you. You feel that they are human; they love their mothers, their wives, their children; they love their fellow man. Why they did this thing or that thing remains the dark mystery of a clouded mind, which all the science of all the world has never yet been wise enough to solve."

Do the guards, officials and whatnots of the Massachusetts penitentiary and the yellow journals know the same Jesse Pomeroy that the faithful mother describes? How can they? You might as well hand the score of a symphony orchestra to a band of Hottentotts, and ask them to bring forth the same soul vibrations that were born in the brain of Mendelssohn.

Will you help, dear reader, to prevent this disgrace from becoming a greater monstrosity and travesty on justice?

MANUFACTURING CRIMINALS.

One of the most effective pleas of the temperance orator has always been to show the drunkards by the hundred thousand toppling into drunkard's graves while at the recruiting office the young men and boys were enlisting, 100,000 a year, in this army of woe.

In the war on the White Slave Traffic, it has been this same appeal to mothers and fathers, to brothers and sisters, to sweethearts and friends that has been so effective in arousing the public conscience, always asleep but never dead. It's the cry that 60,000 innocent girls must be brought into the lives of sin and degradation each year to fill the places made vacant by the horrible death of the inmates, that has been the one most effective way of reaching the public heart-strings.

In the days when Charles Dickens wrote, there were schools of vice which were presided over by the Fagans and recruited by the Artful Dodgers. A crude clumsy system that soon gave way to the new modern method of having the state operate the criminal factories with the police and officers of the law as employment agents.

Let us look at a sample reform school, taking for instance the one at Pontiac, Ill., where the horrors of negro slavery, the unspeakable shame of the white slavery, the tortures of industrial slavery, have all been combined and heaped upon the shoulders of the little children that were sent there to be reformed.

Here are some of the things the board of five members appointed by Governor Edward Dunne reported:

Physical punishment of the inmates by keepers, guards, teachers and other officers was the rule rather than the exception.

Dr. James A. Marshall, reformatory physician, made a practice of beating up newly arrived inmates with fists and squeeges and was brutal almost to the point of ferocity.

Boys were black-jacked by enraged officials upon slight provocation, and that in the chair-shop and print-shop, the guards in charge beat up boys without restraint, using fists, boots, clubs and hammers.

The present 600 inmates have been incarcerated in the "screens" 1,731 times, nearly three times per boy, each incarceration meaning the loss of a month's time. The time taken from the boys in this manner totals 150 years.

Boys placed in the "screens" were given but a single slice of bread daily and one cup of water and they frequently drank water from the basins of the toilet.

Unspeakable practices have been prevalent throughout the institution, much as the result of the management not to give the boys a chance, and part of which was forced upon the boys by torture.

A spirit of depraved commercialism had taken possession of the management of the institution, causing the boys not only to be overworked, but unlawfully deprived of their right to attend school.

The credit of the state of Illinois was extended for a period of time to an unincorporated concern that was a mere selling name.

Of 118 boys whose testimony is the basis of the report, 97 had been the victims of or witnesses to cruelties which are seldom inflicted on animals and testified to depraved elements in the teachings of the institution. Of the children attacked with clubs, "billies" and pieces of furniture, many were cripples and imbeciles.

The punishment records show that for the calendar year of 1912, 3,233 complaints were made against boy inmates. The prison management sustained every one of these complaints.

The board recommends that "every vestige of the system, the natural growth of years of corrupt practice and gross mismanagement, be wiped out."

Dr. Marshall, institution physician, seemed to be possessed with the conviction that every boy who came to the reformatory had been guilty of abominable practices. He asked each boy if this were true. If the boy replied in the negative he used the squeegee or his fists upon him. Marshall, during his fourteen years as physician of the institution, has broken through the armor of self-esteem and self-respect of thousands of boys.

In viewing the situation within the institution in the light of revelations of the investigation, the board cannot repress a feeling of wonderment that a considerable percentage of the boys have been successful in preserving a slight vestige of the finer feelings they have brought with them into the institution.

When confronted with these revelations that shocked and horrified the public, the superintendent of this "Reformatory" fled between two days and never stopped fleeing until he reached the mountain fastnesses of Idaho.

Why were those cruelties and barbarities tolerated? Why were under-strappers, lazy guards, crooks, with the "r" dropped out, allowed to beat cripples and imbeciles? It was the system of graft and greed built up by the political hucksters who have despoiled even the state eleemosynary institutions in their greed to convert them into political assets.

Nine so-called salesmen were on the Pontiac pay-roll to sell desks and other school furniture, manufactured at the reformatory, and from July '07 to April '08, inclusive, the pay-roll was $10,010.35. The sales by the salesmen were $4,925.29 and the sales that strayed in through the mails were $11,001.98.

Now the ousted republicans bitterly denounce the democratic state administration for playing politics with the children of the state and the democrats are relentless in their warfare against the wrongs of the political machine, built by the republicans, on the wrongs inflicted upon the children.

The Truth is that the reformatory at Pontiac has been the most prolific criminal factory in the state as the records of our most notorious criminals reveal the fact that most of them have first served time in some so-called reform school.

Are all such schools mere criminal factories? Are the heads of all institutions as barbarous as Ex-Judge R. A. Russell, deposed superintendent at Pontiac? These institutions and many of their heads are victims of the system. Some are sufficiently strong and brave enough to rise above their environment and deserve all the more credit for the good work they have done.

One of the most humane men that it has been the writer's pleasure to meet, one who, in a large

measure, even unconsciously stimulated the determination to compile this volume of Prison Problems is that prince of goodfellows, Pioneer Prison Reformer, Col. C. B. Adams, now superintendent of the Boys' Industrial School at St. Charles, Ill.

Colonel Adams was formerly at Lancaster, O., where, years ago, he was a great believer in the efficacy of Lyceum entertainment as an adjunct to education and religion in the process of reformation and regeneration.

The common testimony of those who have the children's real welfare at heart is, that at least seventy-five per cent of all boys and girls who are sent to the reform schools are victims. In most cases it would be greater justice to punish the parents.

In Georgia a boy was sent to the reform school for eleven years for stealing a five cent bottle of Coco-Cola, and the only reason the judge didn't make it twenty years was that the boy wasn't young enough to serve that many years before he became of age.

What a crime against childhood!

The cure of crime is education, just as the cause of sin is ignorance. It is to the public school and not to the reformatory that we must look for our lasting results for betterment. The public school holds the solution of our social evil problem.

If we will all quit fighting over whether the Bible is or is not read in the public schools and get the crime of sectarianism out of our systems, get down to fundamentals, study the children's needs, and provide for them, we will be better able to convert all prison factories into reformatories, and not until then will we be doing our full duty.

Cesare Lombroso, the noted criminologist, taught us that criminals are born, not made. He tried to throw the blame back on to nature.

Dr. Goring, for years a medical officer in a large British Prison, shatters Lombroso's theory of born criminals by a series of brilliant tests and experiments that prove that there is not a definite criminal type. He asserts that the men, now serving prison terms as enemies of society, have not chosen a career of crime, but have been forced into it. Most of them are physical or mental defectives who needed assistance rather than punishment.

H. Fielding-Hall, head of the largest prison in the world says, "The cause of crime is 'general' not 'individual.'" He denies the existence of any such thing as "criminal disposition." The unpleasant and even inhuman qualities which differentiate the criminal from the normal man are not innate.

"There is no use trying to exonerate society," says Fielding-Hall, "by saying that criminals are born, not made. They are made by society, by its carelessness and cruelty."

IT'S THE SYSTEM THAT IS WRONG.

The European system of "tipping" is grafting itself onto American ways until today it is almost impossible to get a meal or bed at hotels and restaurants without bribing every flunkey, lackey, porter, waiter, bell-hop, hanger-on, including chefs and chambermaids. It's all a species of bribery. It weakens the giver and degenerates the one who receives it. It builds up a system of graft that finally becomes a license for petty larceny.

But already it has its fangs so deeply fastened into our American customs that instead of its being a gratuity, it is a protection, and is no different in principle from the filthy bribe that the police wring from the underworld in the form of protection.

Our penitentiary system is a vile travesty on justice, but it's a system just the same.

Warden R. McClaughry is perhaps the best known prison man in the United States. He recently resigned and, as he stepped from his office, gave as his reasons for leaving:

"After having spent forty years of my life in the management of prisons and fourteen years constantly in charge of the Federal prison at Leavenworth, I am convinced that the system is wrong.

"I am retiring from this position because of the system. I want it understood that I have not one word of complaint to make against the present administration. I cannot say I have ever been mistreated by an administration.

"But the system that places the Attorney General

of the United States in direct charge of the Federal prisons is wrong. His other duties are so important that he should not be taxed with the petty management of these prisons. And yet he is the only person who has real authority.

"The system is wrong from another viewpoint. The theory of the law is to punish the culprit. As a matter of fact, in the administration of the law it is not the prisoners who suffer nearly so much as the innocent wives and children left behind absolutely at the mercy of the world.

"When the breadwinner of a family is convicted in the courts and he is sent to prison to pay the penalty, his wife and children are left helpless.

"The scientists are taxed to provide the most improved facilities for guarding his welfare. The food he is given is always wholesome and scrupulously clean. The task of the management is to provide tasks for him that will fit him to battle with the world when he emerges.

"But not one thought does the government give to the despondent wife and the daughters who may be entering womanhood and who until the head of the family came in contact with the law may never have had to struggle for a livelihood.

"Work should be provided in the prison walls for all the prisoners, so that they could earn something. The earnings, of course, should not go to them. The earnings should be cared for by government officials, and form a fund that should go toward the support of the families of the men.

"Thus while the man was serving his time he would know that the fruits of his toil were going to provide for his family, deprived by law of his

help. He would know that not one cent would go to enrich the coffers of the man, who because of his influence makes a profitable contract with the state or national government and for a ridiculously small sum owns the output of the prisoner's labor.

"Of course such a plan would meet with disapproval of demagogues. But honest labor would not object to competition such as this, when the fruits of prison labor went directly towards alleviating actual want and did not go to create the fortunes of those contractors who wax fat on the prisoner's labor.

"The Federal government proudly proclaims, it does not tolerate prison labor. The institution at Leavenworth is an example. Not one penny's worth of work done in this great institution comes in competition with honest labor. And this is true.

"But, if you inspect the theory again you will see where the Federal prisoners do compete with honest labor. The government needs larger prisons. We have not room enough here to house all of the prisoners.

"Factories should be established in the prison walls. The prisoners, many of whom merely waste their time on needless tasks, could be made to feel that they were in reality paying the debt they owe society by doing a work that would relieve want and suffering.

"The system is wrong again when it permits the sending of a young and inexperienced clerk, representing the Department of Justice to inspect and ascertain the condition of a great prison. The young men are eager and ambitious to accomplish a great work and win a name.

"They may be ignorant of conditions, but they will not hesitate to make reports and their untrained eyes are not likely to penetrate the true condition as are the men who have passed their lives in the work of conducting such institutions and who are familiar with workings of the minds of men over whom they rule.

"A board of control, composed of eminent men, one from each of the democratic, republican and progressive parties would be the ideal manner in conducting the Federal prisons. The questions of detail that are now put up to the Attorney General could be passed on by the board of control, and the business of the institution would not be hampered as it now is.

"Let us suppose that a prisoner needs to have a tooth filled. The physician must first observe the prisoner and must report to the warden. The warden must take up the matter with the dentist. It is found in a length of time that the filling of the tooth will cost $1.50. The necessary papers must be drawn and the entire correspondence submitted to the Attorney General at Washington, more than a 1,000 miles away.

"Before the order finally comes to fill the tooth it is so badly decayed it must be extracted and another proposition confronts the management.

"And should by any chance the dentist draw the tooth without the official order, there comes from Washington a long, tedious and expensive investigation over a matter so trivial that a board of control would set the matter right within five minutes."

On September 20, 1913, a booklet of seventy-eight pages was issued by John Grant Lyman then in

the Los Angeles County Jail, charged with the crime of being insane.

"In September, 1911, I had a beautiful home at 2068 Hobart Boulevard, Los Angeles, an office in the Consolidated Realty Building, 6th and Hill Sts., and a financial stake in the Panama Development Company's business, 216 Mercantile Place.

"At that time I was growing cotton at El Centro, California, with a view of proving costs and later building a cotton mill in Los Angeles, if conditions warranted it.

"I was also giving financial backing to an outfit prospecting for oil in Wyoming, and had other business interests in various parts of the world remunerative and prosperous. About the first of September, 1911, I had gone to San Francisco for a short visit and intended making a business trip to Portland, Vancouver and Honolulu, where I expected to make arrangements with the manager of a Hawaiian sugar plantation to take charge of similar work in Panama.

"Without a word of warning or complaint on the part of any one with whom I had business dealings, the Panama Development Company's offices were raided and all their books and papers carried away, the offices closed by two postal inspectors. Simultaneously I was seized in my rooms in San Francisco without a warrant, by men not authorized to make arrests, and placed in the dungeon of the Eddy St. Jail, San Francisco, one of the vilest spots mortal man was ever lodged in, the odor from the excreta of former inmates being almost overpowering. Here I was kept nearly twenty-four hours without food or drink, denied all communication with friends, and then taken out and arrested.

"Meanwhile, these men who had seized me, returned to my rooms and stripped them of every valuable, I possessed, taking all my books and papers and records of every description, warehouse receipts, stock certificates, money, heirlooms, and some trinkets that were priceless to me. Also some wearing apparel and other personal property, all to the value of $25,000 no part of which has been returned or accounted for.

"Because of my repeated efforts to recover my property through the letters which follow, and to secure a trial (I have now been imprisoned more than two years and have not yet had a hearing on the charge under which I am held), it has been charged that I am insane. Assistant United States District Attorney Regan might have stated with equal truth and more candor, that for many weeks he had sent representatives here to urge me to plead guilty, offering me a light sentence if I would so plead, coupled with the threat that I would not be tried for many months if I did not, until finally, within a week I have been threatened that if I did not plead guilty, the pending charges, the date of trial for which has finally been fixed for October 14th, would be dropped and that I would be re-indicted and held for another year before trial.

"Do you wonder that I am not insane?"

A series of letters follows in which he pleads for a speedy trial. These letters are addressed to Hon. James McReynolds, Attorney General, to Federal Judges, Senators, Congressmen, editors, and even to President Wilson, and yet only two of those appealed to thought enough of this man's pleas to even answer them.

These two men were Hon. Wm. D. Stephens, a representative in Congress from that district, and Hon. Brand Whitlock, the well known humanitarian, then Mayor of Toledo, Ohio.

On July 7, 1913, we find this prisoner pleading with the United States Marshal to allow the jailer to take him to a dentist's office. He wrote: "I am suffering greatly from my teeth and am unable to eat any solid food." In his letter of August 21st, he pleads to the Editor of The Los Angeles Tribune as follows:

"The federal physician as well as three dentists have examined me and after giving me all the aid possible, stand ready to make affidavit that the balance of the work necessary to afford me permanent relief must be done outside. Considering the fact that there are several dentists who have offices within the purlieus of this jail, it is absurd to offer as an excuse for denying me treatment that 'Lyman will escape.'

"I have been moved about 3000 miles and lodged in nine different jails since my first arrest and have not yet had a hearing.

"At times too I have been caged like a wild beast and exhibited to the populace in chains, yet human treatment that would not be denied a dog has been refused me by United States Assistant District-Attorney, Regan."

The last heard from Lyman he was still trying to get a requisition, voucher, caveat, or permit or some other form of red-tape folderol, so that he could get his teeth attended to.

Warden McClaughry knew what he was talking about when he said: "Before the order finally comes

to fill the tooth, it is so badly decayed it must be extracted."

And still Lyman writes: "My case, while almost unbelievable, is by no means exceptional."

The system whereby wreck and ruin can be thrust upon an individual or an enterprise by right of might or position, is criminal in its baseness.

We lash ourselves into a frenzy over the so-called "Ritual Murders" of Russia, because in so doing our politicians have an eye on the Jewish vote and our editors see new or enlarged department store ads in this campaign and sales of a few more papers.

We rave over the wrongs inflicted upon an American in any foreign country, but when the scene is laid at our own door, we are silent.

Anyone who wishes to become more familiar with the workings of the "The Spy System" that honeycombed the administration at Washington under the reign of "Theodoric" ought to get a copy of "The Siege of University City" published by E. G. Lewis, of St. Louis, Mo. There is a tale worthy of Wall Street. Get House Resolution 109, 62nd Congress, 3rd Session, Report No. 1601, printed March 1, 1913.

This report was signed by William A. Ashbrook, Ohio; Joshua W. Alexander, Missouri; William C. Redfield, New York; Walter I. McCoy, New Jersey; Richard W. Austin, Tennessee; C. Bascom Slump, Virginia; Horace M. Towner, Iowa; and from it we gather the following facts:

"For nearly seven years the Government of the United States, through the Post Office Department and the Department of Justice, has been almost continuously prosecuting Mr. E. G. Lewis of the various enterprises with which he is connected. The

action of the Government has included fraud orders against the People's United States Bank, organized by Mr. Lewis, and against Mr. Lewis personally, and has involved repeated examinations into the affairs of the Lewis Publishing Company and other Lewis undertakings. Fourteen indictments or more have been found against Mr. Lewis and, although most of them have been quashed, three long and expensive trials have taken place—two resulting in disagreement, the other in acquittal on four counts and a disagreement on seven counts. Some indictments are still pending. Meanwhile proceedings relating to the fraud order against Lewis and the United States Band have taken place in Washington. Inspectors in the employ of the Government have scoured the country, hunting up parties who would complain against Mr. Lewis or testify for the Government at the trials. Every effort that the organized power of two great departments could exert has been used at enormous expense. As a result several large business concerns managed by Mr. Lewis have been ruined, among them the People's United States Bank, the Lewis Publishing Company, and the University Heights Realty and Development Company; many hundreds of small investors have lost their savings; and the sad example has been shown the world of the powers of a great Government exerted successfully in an effort to ruin a single individual, and yet has not been convicted of any violation of law."

"The Government has been ill-served in this whole matter. The inspectors who did the detective work were men who were neither accountants nor experienced in the lines of business they were called

upon to investigate, and their methods, particularly in the case of one Swenson were such as to merit sharpest disapproval."

"The arrangement made by the post-office inspectors with the postmaster at St. Louis, whereby a large part of the edition of one of the Lewis magazines, some 3,000,000 copies, was seized without the knowledge of Mr. Lewis, goes far to justify the claim of conspiracy to damage the business."

"The hearings in Washington before the Assistant Attorney General for the Post Office Department, prior to the issuing of the fraud order against Lewis and the People's United States Bank, were a travesty on justice, and in no sense were of a judicial character, although they involved enterprises in which millions were being invested."

"Lewis, having turned over everything he possessed, including his home, in an effort to save his various enterprises for the benefit of those interested, is now a poor man."

It's the system that is wrong, and the individual officers are often the victims of the system. In the light of what we have just read, is it any wonder then that Julian Hawthorne said when he stopped out of the penitentiary at Atlanta, Ga., "I feel like a man who has just come back from Dante's Inferno."

IT'S A PROBLEM FOR THE CHURCH.

By Ex-Judge McKenzie Cleland of Chicago.

The church has been the greatest builder of all time. It has built men and women; it has built communities and nations. But our jails of today are destroying more human lives and souls, more communities and nations than the church even can build up again. Church services in prison are the greatest mockeries the good people of the church ever lent themselves to. It is like striking a man in the face to preach the Golden Rule to him while he is in jail. Our excuse, to our consciences, for building jails and imprisoning men and women in them is that we want to reform the men and women and reduce crime. But we now know that jails make criminals and increase crime.

If our criminal system were even efficient, one might at least be able to argue for it on that ground, if not on humane grounds. But it isn't efficient. In the last two hundred years murder has increased two hundred per cent. Crime costs the United States $8,000,000,000, which is more than it takes to run the government. Yet there are now 100,000 murderers at liberty in the United States.

The church must do something to stop this. It cannot stop it while society continues to make professional criminals, and society now is doing that, by our jail system. We imprison a young man, guilty of a first false step, and a hardened criminal together. We say we jail the young man to reform

him. But we say we jail the hardened criminal to punish him. Beautiful paradox, isn't it?

I went once to the million-dollar "reformatory" at Pontiac, where we send boys under twenty-one who have transgressed the bounds set by society. I soon understood why they came out of there determined to wreak vengeance on society for locking them up. Hardened, brutal-looking guards, ready to kill at the first free move of an imprisoned boy, hurried them at their work. At night they were locked up in dark, evil-smelling cells. That is the sort of atmosphere into which we send our boys, for "reformation." You can't reform any one that way. Can you imagine Christ approving this sort of reform? Reformation is a thing of the heart. Our way only turns these boys out as clever crooks, ready and anxious to prey on an unjust society. And you can't blame; you don't dare.

The crime-teaching value of our jails is not the only bad thing about them. Jails breed disease and poverty. A healthy, moral man can't live in jail without growing like his surroundings. His surroundings are diseased, sub-normal; so he becomes sub-normal, diseased in mind and body.

We are spending millions in America to fight tuberculosis. Our jails are the greatest promoters of tuberculosis. One out of every two men who go to jail become infected. And it isn't the man in jail alone. Sixty per cent of the men working on stockings to be sent out to the public from the South Carolina penitentiary were found to be suffering from tuberculosis. It is the same everywhere. The man who said we have stopped sending murderers to the gallows only to send them to tubercular graves told the truth.

Did you ever stop to think of what is likely to happen to the family of a convict? His family must starve while he is in jail, and when he gets out he is not fitted for work. Have you ever seen them coming out of jail; their spirits crushed; their heads hanging; terror in their eyes and fear in their breasts? They go to their old homes, and they find them broken up. They wander about trying to pick up the threads of their old lives, and they are robbed and beaten down on every hand. No employer will take them unless it be some man who wants his labor cheap and easily driven. And it's all our fault, the fault of us who attend our church regularly, and say we send men to jail to be reformed, and after they are freed, refuse to believe they are reformed and so will not give them a chance. You break the man, and you rob his women and children of his support; you steal the man's life and you starve his family. Do you think that's Christianity? Do you think the Lord wants you to rob and steal merely to teach other men NOT to rob and steal?

A year ago the governor of Arkansas pardoned 360 convicts. He said he did it as a protest against cruelty, and he called the state prisons "revengeful hells." No wonder he did, for he personally had inspected them and found convicts whose flesh was falling from their bones being driven like beasts; found men dying of tuberculosis; found men dying of every disease known. And one of the men he pardoned was serving a thirty-six-year sentence, not for murder, but for forging an order for nine quarts of whisky! Look at what Governor Sulzer's commission found in its investigation of Sing Sing. It found conditions there that made the lives of

the poor in the Dark Ages seem like lives of luxury and ease.

Of course, there is a reason, a commercial reason, that has nothing to do with reform or punishment or humanity. For we run our prisons to make money. The superintendent of Auburn prison, N. Y., testified to that at the recent investigation. The mutiny in Michigan's hell-hole proved it. The state prison of Maryland used to make more money than any other, and the cruelties practiced there were worse than those in any other prison. If a convict there happened to pass a guard who was feeling ugly he was sent to the "black hole," that later was found to be a dungeon swarming with rats and vermin and filth.

One day a humane man was elected governor of Maryland, and he appointed a commission to investigate these things that long had been whispered of. If you want to read a report on hell, read the report of that Maryland commission. It found that two hundred and sixty men were subjected to physical torture in this money-making prison every six months. It found men helping to make the prison money-making who were dying of starvation and of tuberculosis and of diseases even more loathsome. I tell you this, our prison system has done more harm to the country than the saloon and the gambling house combined; that it has killed more men than war, and caused more crime than Satan. It is the duty of the churches to put an end to it, and it cannot be put an end to by seventeenth-century methods either.

THE REMEDY.

Strange as it may seem we have no remedy, we offer a few salves, ointments and lotions that will relieve the trouble, give immediate relief, but that is all.

The prime thing is to awaken public interest and this volume was compiled for that purpose. There are great truths that need to be discussed for out of these discussions will come the remedy.

Jeremiah Botkin, warden of the Kansas Penitentiary, voices the common cry of all who have given this subject any thought. He says:

"Conditions at the state prison cry to heaven for a remedy. The fault has been with no previous warden, certainly not my predecessor. When I came into this office he frankly told me he was 'handing me a lemon.' Everything a warden could do he and most of his predecessors had done. Yet Lansing is today a blot on Kansas.

"The remedy does not lie in my hands. I wish that it did. You cannot conceive how strongly I wish that it did. It lies with the people of Kansas and the press of Kansas. Legislators will not spend the money unless the specific expenditure is urged, and urged vividly, upon them by their constituents. The constituents will not bring this matter to the attention of their legislators until they have had its paramount importance burned into their souls. I welcome the advent of the press into Lansing. It is the last forlorn hope. Every unsanitary and uneconomic condition at the prison

can be remedied with money. All that sympathy and good will on the warden's part can do has been done. It is up to the people of Kansas to give us the money—lots of it and now.

"I have learned the value of publicity in getting reform. But perhaps it is because I have served most of my life as a Methodist parson that I approach the inmates of our penetentiary with the idea that they are just folks. Something like the folks in Winfield and Arkansas City and Topeka and Kansas City, except that they are behind walls, the others are outside, and they have sinned and must be punished. The rights and statutes of Kansas prescribe that. But also there is prescribed by the laws of humanity an obligation on the state and the people of Kansas as to the manner in which they shall suffer punishment. When the state and people of Kansas go beyond the statute of humanity in punishing them they are the moral sinners.

"Every administration for years has brought before each legislature the shame of the cellhouses. It is barbaric, brutal and furthermore, unwise to condemn men in the awful places we have to confine them. It manufactures criminals, sickly degenerates and tuberculars out of retrievable material.

"The prisoners are their own scavengers. There is no running water of any sort. Ask the doctor to tell you what disease the occupants have, in the greatest proportion and how easily men communicate it through the drinking cups. The state of Kansas has sent many well men to this penitentiary who have gone out afflicted with the most horrible of all diseases. There is no ventilation. The air which three hundred men breath in this cramped

space is, in summer still and stifling; in winter still and sickly warm. How many men condemned to be confined have been condemned to die of the great white plague by the neglect of the state of Kansas to install modern cellhouses can never be known. The obtainable record is long and certain.

"I demand for these men at least new cellhouses. I demand it in the name of common decency and to remove the crime of contributory negligence to manslaughter from the record of the legislature of Kansas which has had this matter in charge. New modern cellhouses, such as the federal government has installed at Leavenworth, having ventilation and sanitation and cleanliness, would cost $80,000. That is five cents for each person in Kansas. There isn't a person in Kansas able to, who wouldn't walk to Topeka with their nickle—if they could see the conditions here. The spread of disease through these cellrooms is a provable matter. The citizens of Kansas might as well knock a specified number of these men on the head with an ax as to continue so to confine them."

How many of us realize the awful meaning of what Dr. Alexander MacNicholl of New York City had to say in a paper, entitled "Public Health, a Question of Alcoholic Degeneracy," read before the recent Congress of the American Medical Society at Philadelphia, of which he is the vice president:

"A wave of degeneracy is sweeping the land—a degeneracy so appalling in its magnitude that it staggers the mind and threatens to destroy the republic; numbering more victims than have been claimed in all the wars and all the epidemics of acute diseases that have swept the country within 200 years.

"Modern Scientific methods had reduced the morality from acute diseases such as typhoid, yellow fever and the white plague, but such degeneracy is shown in the increasing rate of morality resulting from the spread of chronic diseases, that within thirty years the morality from chronic diseases has doubled and today chronic disorders of the lungs, kidneys, heart and other organs are responsible for more than half the deaths.

"What is the cause of this degeneracy? Statistics compiled by the leading insurance companies and represented by Sir T. P. Whitaker in a report to the British Parliament show that of every 1000 deaths among the population at large 440 are due to alcohol. This would mean a mortality from alcohol in the United States of 680,000 a year."

"We annually drink," says Dr. David M. Paulson, "twenty-three gallons of liquor for each man, woman and child in the land."

Dr. Bertillion, the eminent French expert criminologist, says: "The users of alcohol are twice as likely to die from a dozen different diseases as those who are temperate."

"30,000 new cases are admitted to our asylums every year. Columbus, O., has 181,511 inhabitants. There are more people in our insane asylums today in this country than there are inhabitants in that city."

To again quote Dr. Paulson: "Twenty per cent of all the money raised by taxes in the state of New York has to go to pay for the care of their insane. Only one other item costs more and that is their education."

When you stop to think that there are more people in our insane asylums than there are students in all our colleges and universities, one begins to comprehend something of the problem.

What is the cure for this disease? What is the solution of our Prison Problems? It is found in the few words, that mean so much, Public Opinion.

Not long ago I read an editorial I think it was written by Arthur Brisbane, in which he said: "Public Opinion is the conscience and the intelligence of the race. As the race progresses public opinion becomes higher, fairer, more consistent. It is difficult for us to realize it now, but the day is coming when public opinion, man's collective conscience, will do away with courts, policemen, jails, detectives and lawsuits. That will be the beginning of a real civilization."

Brisbane gets $75,000 a year for writing just such philosophy. If he got $1,000 a year what he wrote would be anarchy. But it's the truth just the same.

As long as parents believe in whipping children to make them good, the church has to scare Hell out of the people to get them to Heaven, the community will lock men up and reform them by cruelty and barbarity.

A full penitentiary is a better therometer as to the state conscience than is a church filled with Holy howlers.

Therefore, the first remedy is publicity. Editors should be asked to write and publish editorials along this line. Devote space to this question for we are helping ourselves when we help our brothers. Let's tell the world that Thomas Mott Osborn, after a week's self-imposed term in Auburn, N. Y., prison,

said when he emerged, "The prison system is singularly unintelligent, ineffective and cruel. It is absolutely a form of slavery and all the great truths enunciated by Lincoln and others against negro slavery are just as applicable to prison slavery. It takes from the convict his individual initiative and freedom of action and he becomes an irresponsible automaton. When he returns to the outside world, therefore, he finds he is unable to resume his own initiative and to be the guider of his own destinies. This accounts for so many men who leave prison and return as second termers.

"From the moment that a man arrives in prison he is made to realize he is no longer an individual human being. He is only one unimportant unit in a community which is undergoing penance for certain crimes, and the penance differs only in the matter of duration. The next companion on my tier of cells may be a forger, burglar, a murderer, defaulting cashier; he may be a college graduate or a Bowery tough, an intelligent Yankee or an ignorant foreigner, yet all are clothed alike, treated alike, fed and housed alike, and each man ceases to be an individual and becomes a moving automaton in a gray suit similar to all others.

"There is a frightful waste of human life and ingenuity because the system is so bad that, while there is some reform, the principle of the reformation is not used to anywhere near its measure of possibilities. Realizing perfectly the considerable number of degenerates and other undesirable citizens included in the ranks of the prisoners, I was amazed at the amount of splendid courage, fine feeling, and neighborly interest displayed by the inmates toward each other."

One of the most potent forces for the spread of truth is the pulpit. Surely the church must lead in this campaign of education. If each one of you who read this book, will only take it upon yourself to see that your minister is asked to preach a sermon, or better yet, a series of sermons based upon the contents of this little volume, you will be doing a public and patriotic service.

Rev. Frank D. Adams, of Indianapolis, Ind., preached a sermon on "Prison Problems" and by his eloquent plea and hearty urging, so enthused his congregation that the members bought forty copies for individual use.

Rev. John Welsch, of Wilmington, Ill., preached forty copies into the hands of his congregation.

That noted and dearly beloved Catholic Priest, Father P. J. Maccorry, of Wichita, Kans., is doing a father's part in the spread of this new gospel and the papers of his denomination have been filled with the product of his pen, advocating a wider reading of this volume.

The sermons that have already been preached upon this theme have made themselves felt in the moral wave that is sweeping over the conscience of men.

The men and women on the platform have a golden opportunity to prove that Senator Robert M. LaFollette did not over-estimate the importance of this great and growing institution, when he said: "I sometimes think that from the days of Wendell Phillips until now, the lyceum has pretty nearly been the salvation of the country." How? By following the example of Dr. John Gray who delivered one hundred chautauqua addresses last summer, and

at every one of them he told the audience that "Prison Problems" was the best book on the subject he had ever seen.

Rollo H. McBride, the noted Prisoner's Friend, drew rounds of vociferous applause by his endorsement of this effort to arouse the nation to a realization of the wrongs that are being inflicted upon our brothers and sisters in the name of reform.

Out in California, Mrs. Mae Guthrie Tangier has given the book a wide review, especially in temperance and reform circles.

Down at Atlanta, Georgia, lives one of God's noble women, Emma Neal Douglas, who placed forty copies of "Prison Problems" in the hands of the state legislators when the campaign was on for legislation for the betterment of humanity.

Then there is the little woman in the home who, after all, is the power that moves the world, what can she do? Here is an example. At the Racine, Wisconsin, Chautauqua, Mr. McBride gave his lecture on "Prison Problems." There were in that audience at least two people with a longing to do, as well as to say, something for those who are in trouble and so Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cherdron were soon at work reviewing "Prison Problems" for their local papers, urging their friends by letter and by word of mouth, in season and out, to read "Prison Problems," and it was through Mrs. Cherdron's efforts that Mrs. Amy D. Winship, the eighty-four year young 'varsity student, who is a national character in the field of co-education, became interested in "Prison Problems."

Mrs. Winship is not only a student in the University of Wisconsin, but she is a student of human

nature, one who says: "I haven't time to grow old, besides there is too much to learn and too much to be done to take the time to be old."

Mrs. Winship wrote the following review of "Prison Problems" which appeared in the Wisconsin State Journal, published at Madison. It was widely copied throughout the state:

"'PRISON PROBLEMS,' AN APPRECIATION.

"Mrs. Amy D. Winship.

"Recent dispatches about the new experiment in prison management and labor at Camp Hope, Illinois, remind thoughtful citizens that there are prison problems being solved well in some states.

"How about our own progressive Wisconsin? Public sentiment and public judgment are slowly being molded along the right lines of mercy and reformation for men and women in prison. Brutalizing confinement for the convict and expensive revenge on the prisoners are falling away under the ban of public censure for such methods.

"Hardened, hopeless convicts, overworked and not paid by private monopolies operating in prisons, through dirty politics and their wardens, are but a heavy burden to society.

"Mothers of men are beginning to see there is a crushing waste of human life behind our prison walls, but prison conditions are undergoing a great change.

"Mr. Fred High of Chicago, the editor of The Platform, has compiled a stirring book called "Pris-

on Problems," dealing with all these facts. It reviews the prison situation from all sides.

"Ida Tarbell, Warden Saunders of Iowa, Detective Pinkerton, and several students of this question, tell of present conditions and opportunities and plead for changes.

"As Dickens' works touched all England on the prison question, so all America will yet be soundly stirred by High's 'Prison Problems.'

"Social conditions today contribute to the criminal tendency. Citizens of all classes try to prevent crime through many agencies. Society many times abandons the released prisoners. So men like Rollo McBride established 'The Parting of the Ways Home' at Chicago to mercifully and sensibly save the ex-convict from re-committing crime to obtain food or shelter.

"Editors and teachers, tax-payers everywhere, will be glad that such books as High's 'Prison Problems' deal with the prisoner himself, and his keepers and plead for free men to come to the aid of prison slaves, in our viciously managed penal system, to provide them outside labor, needed music, education, medical attention—in short anything necessary to complete their reform."

We cannot publish the names of those who have done service in this good cause, as they are really too numerous to mention in a volume of this size. The cases cited have been typical of what can be done when there is a will.

It is with unbounded gratitude that we send forth the second edition. The book has grown from 175 pages to its present size.

That America has taken mammoth strides for-

ward since this venture was first conceived, is only stating a truth patent to the merest casual observer. Several states have abolished the contract labor system, prisoners are being recognized everywhere as brothers, and as human beings. Hope is being written into our laws, cruelties are being abolished, graft is being exposed, barbarous practices are being prohibited; and to have played even a minor part in this human drama of uplift and reform, is reward enough to repay us all for the effort that we have made.

OUR GUARANTORS.

The second edition of "Prison Problems" has been made possible by the generosity of the following who have each given it their generous financial support: O. J. Kloer, 345 W. 73rd St., Chicago, Ill.; Harold C. Kessinger, Aurora, Ill.; Chas. W. Ferguson, 640 Orchestra Bldg., Chicago; Benjamin Chapin, 237 E. 163rd St., New York City; Fremont S. Gibson, Charles City, Iowa; Thomas Brooks Fletcher, Marion, Ohio; T. J. Tjernagel, Story City, Iowa; Father P. J. MacCorry, Wichita, Kans.; Grace Hall Riheldaffer, 838 Collins Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Roy James Battis, 213 W. 61st St., Chicago; Ewing Herbert, Hiawatha, Kan.; Leonora M. Lake, 2354 Albion Place, St. Louis, Mo.; Ross Crane, Pine Lake, Ind.; E. A. Wiggam, North Vernon, Ill.; R. O. Bowman, 511 Railway Exchange, Milwaukee, Wis.; W. A. McCormick, Onekema, Mich.; Mrs. Emma Neal Douglas, 1225 Peachtree Road, Atlanta, Ga.; Montaville Flowers, Monrovia, Cal.; Rollo H. McBride, 25 E. 55th St., Chicago; Alexander M. Lochwitzky, 1200 E. 55th St., Chicago; J. E. Brockway, Wabash Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Prof. Louis Williams, at large.

A CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

At the tenth annual convention of the International Lyceum Association, held at Winona Lake, Ind., September 2 to 11, 1912, a resolution was unanimously passed pledging the 1,000 members of this, the first free forum of America, to work for the Abolition of Poverty in a World of Plenty, by studying how to eliminate waste.

Crime and criminals is one of the most gigantic problems before the world today. Mr. Hugh C. Weir, in the World Today for January, 1910, states that "Our crimes cost us $3,500,000 per day, and that the cost of crime in this country for 1909 equalled the amount realized from the wheat crop, the coal mined and the wool, aggregating approximately about $1,373,000,000.

Surely the task is great enough to engage the attention of a hundred such organizations, for these few pages have only scratched the surface, but if they will cause the stream of lyceum thought to flow with a greater power through the channels of reform, thereby enlisting the co-operation of the scattered forces who now are swatting flies while the pesthouses that breed the germs of vice and crime are not only winked at, but actually defended, and sometimes patronized by these same "fly swatters," then its publication will have been worth while.

The International Lyceum Association is composed of one thousand men and women who are engaged in the great work of spreading the gospel

of good cheer in song, story, literature, oratory and music. We believe we are public benefactors, for back of the lyceum and the chautauqua effort is the spirit of helpfulness; the purposeful message finds here its greatest advocates.

In the World's Work for September are to be found these words: "The chautauqua platforms were used by the reformers and agitators for many years with greater effect than the floor of the senate, or the house, or than national conventions."

We believe the lyceum and chautauqua are the institutions that can best solve the great prison problem that confronts us at every hand.

The closing thought of this little volume is, what am I going to do about these great problems? Am I, as I read this, going to say they don't effect me? Will I, right now, pledge myself to this great work of bettering this world, of helping some mother's boy, some waif of the streets, some beautiful daughter, or maybe my own flesh and blood?

The one thing that has burned into my soul is that no man liveth unto himself; the heavy hand of retribution falls with greater force upon the innocent than the guilty. There is one thing that I can do—send $1.00 for this volume, as it is not a money-making venture. I will thus enable those who have given their time and money to make possible this venture to mail four copies to four more editors, ministers, lecturers and legislators, and thereby make this an endless chain to prevent crime, rather than a spasmodic effort to punish a few criminals, for I see this is the beginning and not the end.

21,810

DATE DUE

United Theological Seminary Library
MAIN HV9469.H5 1913
High, Fred. Prison problems :
3 0645 0004 2213 5